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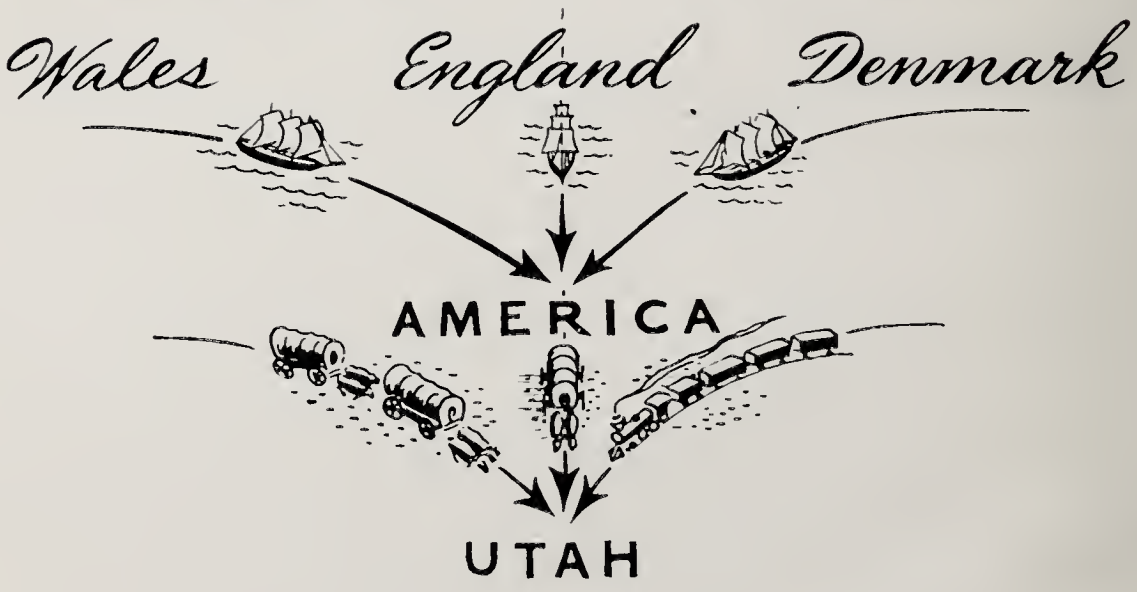
THE TRIO'S PILGRIMAGE

James Bywater

Maria Thomas

Hanna Jensen



THE TRIO'S PILGRIMAGE

Autobiography
of
JAMES BYWATER

Including brief life sketches
of his wives
Maria Thomas Hanna Maria Jensen

Compiled and arranged by a daughter
ROSE ELLEN BYWATER VALENTINE

Edited by Hyrum W. Valentine

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by
ROSE ELLEN BYWATER VALENTINE
for
James Bywater Family Organization

Utah PRINTING
PRINTED IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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DEDICATED

To the memory of this honored trio

and to their faith and sterling integrity.

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PREFACE

During the early years of the life of my father, James Bywater, he made notes of important or significant occurrences as he went along. Later in life he assembled and transcribed these notations, still in pencil, into a "Narrative," like unto a life sketch in the rough. In the closing years of his life he amplified this narrative and copied it into a substantial book with pen and ink, in his own hand writing and this is the Record, spoken of in this volume.

In reading father's autobiography I became desirous that all of his descendants should have access to its pages. I therefore took the "Narrative" manuscript, and after carefully proof-reading it with the Record, I presented it to Elizabeth Bywater Jones, father's eldest daughter, thus making the contents of the Record available to other members of the family.

Later, my husband, Hyrum W. Valentine, edited the Record, after which A. Ferron Forsgren, son of father's youngest child, Lillie Prudence, typed a number of copies, which were distributed among the children. But even this was not adequate. The urge to have an individual copy of the Record for the benefit of each member of his posterity has continued with me, and being the sole trustee of the Record, I have felt the responsibility of doing something about it.

A chapter of this volume is devoted to the activity of the James Bywater Family Organization which was effected in 1920, and since that time, with rare

exceptions, has held family reunions annually. At these gatherings the question of having the Record printed has often been considered. Finally, at the Family Reunion in 1940, I offered to advance one-half the cost of having the Record appear in book form. This offer was accepted, and a committee consisting of Edwin E. Jones, Ferris Reeder, and Emogene Bywater was named to assist me in this work.

The family of James Bywater consists of two branches: One the descendants of his wife, Maria Thomas Bywater, and the other the descendants of his wife, Hanna Jensen Bywater. A brief, and regretfully inadequate, life-sketch of these two noble mothers, searched out long after their demise, is included in this volume, together with the names of their descendants, attended by statistical data. The immediate family of James Bywater consisted of seven boys and eleven girls; of whom three sons and ten daughters grew to maturity, and married and had families of their own.

Soon after the Family Reunion of 1940, I began to gather data and information looking forward to the printing of the contents of the Record. In the course of this preparation the other chapters essential in this more expanded family sketch, have sifted in and are included in this volume. I regret that in spite of our vigilance some names are perhaps missing, and some data are incomplete. I acknowledge, with grateful appreciation, the cheerful response of the many to whom, of necessity, repeated inquiries were sent, and upon whom I depended for names and attending data.

If the descendants of these noble pioneers of American and L.D.S. history more fully appreciate

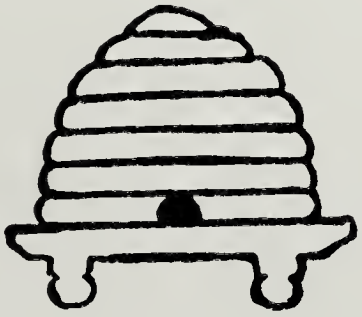
their heritage and responsibilities through reading this book, I shall feel well rewarded for my efforts in preparing it. But, regardless of who reads the book, the knowledge of these people's unselfishness and fortitude in conquering a new land and securing for their posterity the benefits of freedom of worship has been reward in itself. And to their memory this book is affectionately dedicated.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To all members of the family, other relatives and friends who have given dates and incidents connected with the sketches and family lists that have made this record possible, grateful recognition is expressed.

To those who have given a kind word or entertained a supporting attitude with encouraging remarks appreciation is also extended.

Rose Ellen Bywater Valentine



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James Bywater
Brigham City
Box Elder County
U S A Utah

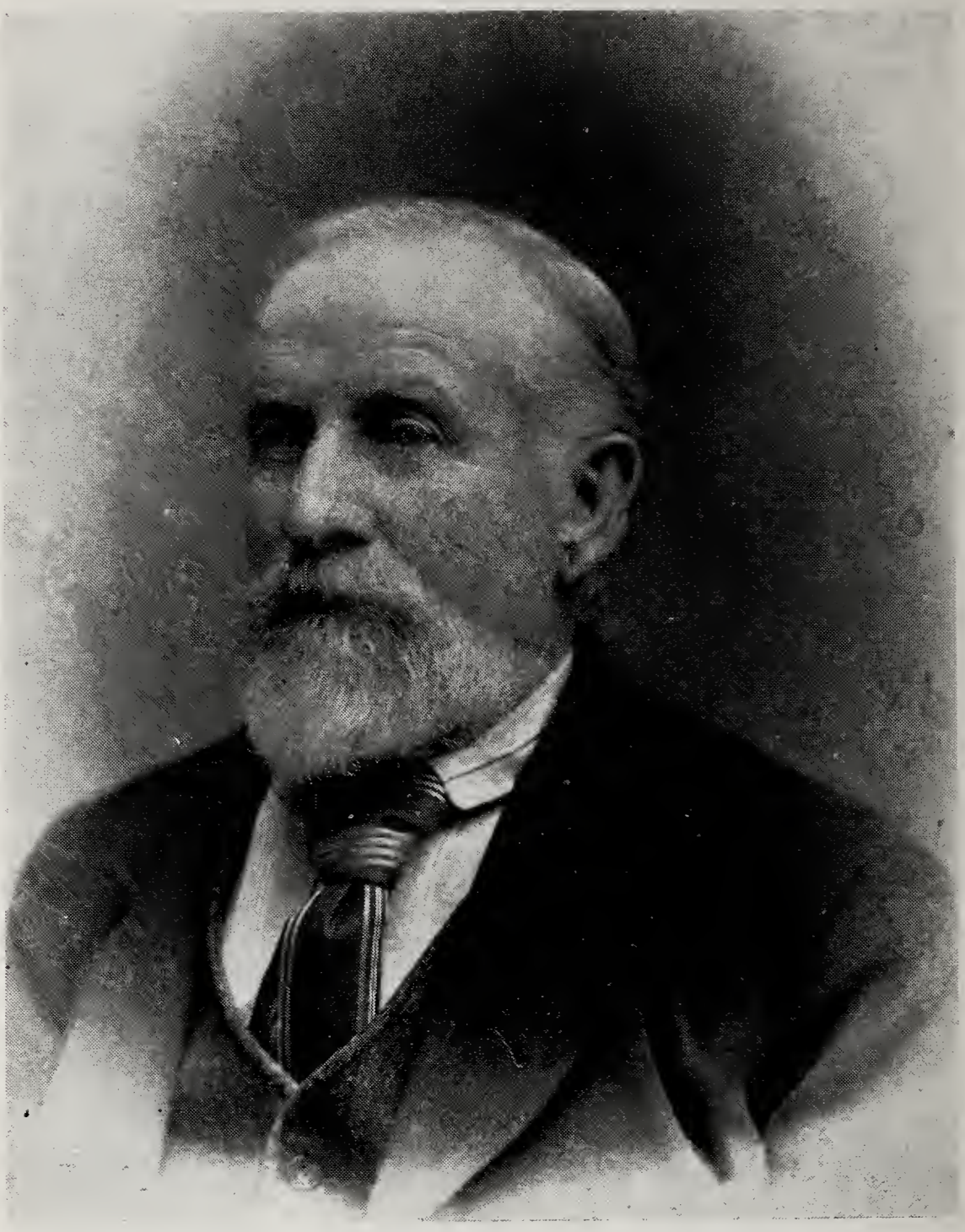
Handwriting of James Bywater

FOREWORD

A number of times during the last years of father's life he said to me, "Rose Ellen, I am leaving with you my record book. Never let it get out of your possession, for I have spent much time in collecting and writing the information pertaining to genealogy and family statistics contained therein. It also includes an autobiography of my life which may be read when I am gone. The account I have written is true."

Before his passing father had legally and justly arranged the distribution of his property, lands and homes among the members of his family. After his funeral Aunt Maria and his children met to select from his books and personal belongings the things they desired. This was done according to age and proved to be agreeable to all. Joseph, father's eldest son, got a minute book of special interest which contained the account of the organization, minutes, and roll of the United Order, as directed by President Lorenzo Snow at Brigham City, Utah. Father was the secretary of the said organization and therefore had the book in his possession. The book is now with Le Roy Snow's Box Elder Collection in the Church Historian's office. The book of greatest interest to all, however, was father's record book, which he had previously placed in my care. I then and there extended to all an invitation to come to my home and peruse it whenever convenient.

On the opposite page is a photo-static copy of the index page of said book, inserted primarily to show father's handwriting, not as an index to this volume.



1825 James Bywater 1909

CHAPTER I

Birth and parentage of James Bywater—Singular incident of early childhood—Joseph Robert Bywater ardent fisherman and given to skepticism—James partook of same spirit; nevertheless regular attendant at Sunday School.

I was born August 23, 1825, in Holbeck, near Leeds, Yorkshire, England. I was the second arrival in a family of six children as follows: Maria, born Nov. 1823; James, born 23 Aug. 1825; Robert, born 19 Oct. 1827; Esther, born 12 Oct. 1832; Joseph Robert, born 23 Sept. 1837; Ann, born 1840. My father's name was Joseph Robert Bywater, born March 13, 1804, and died April 22, 1878. My mother's name was Ann Berry, born in 1797 and died April 7, 1879. I was covered with a veil at birth, which was put on thick brown paper and preserved several years. It varied in flexibility according to my health. After a number of years it entirely wasted away.

At a little over three years of age I had a very strange experience, which occurred in this wise: As I lay in bed one morning—my father had just returned to his work after breakfast, it being near half past eight A.M.—I saw a person coming through the brick wall of the bedroom—it being the wall of the front yard. I was quite astonished at the sight, and just about the time the person seemed to reach the floor, I threw the clothes over my head and held them.

The next thing that gave me evidence of the person's presence was I felt something on the bed toward the foot, and immediately something tugging at the bed clothes trying to remove them from

my head, and I struggling hard to keep them over my head. The result was that I was brought up to a sitting position in bed and the clothes were removed from my head and face, and there on the bed was the person and we were face to face about two feet apart.

I had no fear but was full of wonderment. He seemed to me to be a young boy with a mild expression. He looked at me mildly and steadily, never speaking or smiling. After a few seconds of time he moved forward on the side of the bed, and putting his arms around me took me up and started for the door. He carried me down the stairs and during this time my face was near his, but we did not speak. He put me down near the bottom of the stairs and I walked to the fireplace, then turned around to look at him. He was then near the top of the stairs.

In the room was my sister Maria and my brother Robert. Mother was at a neighbor's by the name of Grant. Sister Maria was near two years older and my brother Robert was two years and two months younger than myself. My sister Maria was much frightened. She begged of him to go away and offered him presents. At last, in fear and dread, she ran out of the house screaming that there was a spirit in the house.

Where I stood I could see through the window the gate of the front yard, and saw my sister pass through to the street. I kept looking every few seconds at the person who remained standing near the top of the stairs. After a short time, say not over three minutes, I saw my mother and sister pass into the front yard, through the gate. I watched them until they got near the door. I then looked at

the person. He raised his hand—I think his right —and vanished out of sight.

My mother and sister rushed in, and mother asked, "Where is he?"

I answered, "He went out of sight when near the top of the stairs, but whether he went upstairs or not I don't know, for I was looking at him and could see him and then I could not see him, just as you came into the room, and where he has gone I don't know." Mother went up into the chamber and searched, then in the other rooms, but could not find any trace of him.

When father came home at noon he was told of it, but he did not believe it; but his mother, my grandmother, did, and said he was a son of her's who died a number of years ago. My father was a pronounced amateur fisherman all his life, and up to approaching old age was an unbeliever in Sectarian version of religion. He possessed some infidel works, which I read in after years, and partook of the same spirit to some extent.

Particularly did I reject the idea and tenant that faith alone would save a person. I never did believe such a monstrous doctrine. I could not harmonize it with my idea of justice. I grew up with a firm conviction that a religion which taught such a doctrine was false, and I believed firmly that man would be judged according to his works, so I did not join any religious denomination. Nevertheless, I went to Sunday School from about five years of age until twenty or over.

CHAPTER II

Half-timer at nine years—In love at 16—Sarah Wood—Lover of sports—Night school incident—His father's counsel. James decision—Educational awakening.

At the age of nine I commenced to work in Messrs. Marshalls Flax Mill, where my father worked and where my grandfather worked, and for years before his death was a clerk and cashier. I was a half-timer until I reached the age of thirteen, was at school in the forenoons and in the factory afternoons.

At about the age of sixteen I formed an acquaintance with a young girl of my own age named Sarah Wood, who worked at the same factory. She died September 6, 1844, age nineteen years and a little over two months. This was the first real trial of my life. My tribute to her follows:

Sacred to the memory of Sarah Wood, daughter of James and Elizabeth Wood. Born May 19th, 1825, in Holbeck, Yorkshire, near Leeds, England. Died Sept. 6th, 1844.

This lovely girl, so young and fair,
By early death cut down,
Just came to show how a flower sweet
In Paradise should grow.
Her mind was tranquil and serene,
No terror in her looks was seen.
The Savior's smile dispelled the gloom
And soothed her passage to the tomb.

Blessed are they who die in Christ the Lord.

Through the associations of skeptics and reading of infidel works, sometimes I tried to believe the same, but the person whom I saw when a little over three years of age always appeared to my mind's eye, then I would reject the rabid views of infidelity.

I was a great lover of play and athletic sports and neglected my books, thereby wasting much time and opportunity to get schooling, but such was my ardent love for play that I was powerless to resist, until in my nineteenth year of age I broke loose from the thraldom I had been held in all my life. It occurred in this wise: My father had influenced me to go to a free night school, supported by Messrs. Marshalls for the benefit of all their workmen who wished to attend. I made application, which was readily granted, and I commenced, but my uncontrolable love of play overcame me and, after attending a few weeks, I quit, having struggled hard but in vain with the questions. My father soon found it out and the following conversation took place:

Father asked me if I had left the night school. I said, "Yes." He replied by saying, "Now, my son, I will tell you a story. When your grandfather's place as a clerk in the counting house was vacant, which was in 1833, Mr. John Marshall called me to take my father's place. I told him I could not for I lacked the learning. He was very angry and wanted to know how that was. He was grieved as well as disappointed at me lacking the qualifications to fill the place made vacant by the death of my father. I was then about twenty-nine years of age and you were eight years of age."

"Now, James, my hobby was fishing, and so strong was my infatuation for it that I was never

happy only by the riverside or preparing my fishing tackle. My whole being was, and is now, swallowed up in this one habit of my life. It is the charm of my life and all other things are dwarfed by it. Now had I gained scholastic qualifications to take my father's place, how different would now have been my financial condition. And now, my son, I beg of you to get a fair education while the opportunity is within your reach, for if you fail to do it you will perhaps regret it with sorrow, for you don't know what awaits you in the future."

Well, after my father got through I took into serious consideration his words of counsel, and after a mental struggle I came to this conclusion: that I would not regret nor be sorry or angry with myself in after years should an opportunity occur and for lack of education I should be compelled to decline it.

I said to myself, this day and its incidents I will ever remember, and abide the covenant, and not be angry with myself at any future time; because my intense love for play is greater in my heart than the future affairs which await me. I now choose to play and let the future provide for itself. Such was my decision. It was a foolish choice, as the sequel will show.

After a few days the counsel of my father began to have effect and led me to seriously reconsider my decision, and finally I confessed to myself it was an unwise and foolish one. I repented of it and resolved to abandon it and take my father's advice; so I applied to Mr. Edward Parry for a recommend to attend the evening free school.

He asked me, "Did you not attend it some time ago?"

I answered, "Yes, sir."

He then asked, "Did you leave it of your own free will and accord?"

I answered in the affirmative.

Then said he, "You can never again have the privilege of attending it. You did not appreciate its gifts and blessing, which cannot be trifled with or mocked."

I turned away, saying unto myself, "Good! It is just and right; I accept the reproof with a thankful heart." And as a further reproof of myself I attended an evening school in Wortley Lane, kept by Mr. Joseph Smith, and paid for tuition three pence per week. This was in 1844.

I have at this time the arithmetical examples of every rule which I did in Mr. Smith's night school from the time I commenced until I ceased going. The rules and examples written by my own hand in a blank book as I worked out the examples in that evening school. The book is now fifty-eight years old and over and is yet in my possession.

CHAPTER III

Aversion for factory life—Desire to till the soil—Eyes turned to America—Uncles William and George Bywater—Factory frolic—Mr. Dunderdale—Mr. Duthoit—Mr. Horsfall—Call for James Bywater—anti-informer—"Speak my doom—I will go to America."

I had now arrived at the age of nineteen and had been working in Marshall's Flax Factory ten long years, from August 1834 to August 1844, and had become tired of it, and there had been springing in my heart a longing desire for employment in the open air.

I desired very much to till the ground, raise the crops of the field and the fruits of the orchard. I had for long years this feeling, and as time rolled on it grew stronger, and my dislike for the factory more pronounced until its labors became very distasteful, yea hateful, unto me, and I came to a declared resolve. I would not raise a family in England to suffer the hateful labors of a factory life.

So at last my aversion assumed form and I resolved I would leave my native land and emigrate to some foreign country; get possession of some land and become a farmer; raise a family and own my homestead. For years I secretly cherished this hope.

My uncle William, the youngest of my father's brothers, in 1845 commenced to talk about emigrating to America, and I caught the impression. In 1846 he started for the state of Wisconsin, one of the states of North America, taking with him my cousin Benjamin, son of my Uncle George. This move con-

firmed my resolve. Now, I said little about it, but often in my thoughts of leaving my native land, my father's house and my kindred, my feelings were often kindled and I shed many tears in silence. Correspondence was kept between Uncles William and George, which increased my desire and strengthened my resolve, and an incident occurred early in 1848 at the factory which hastened the consummation of my resolve.

It occurred as follows: One day in the room where I worked—it being the garret—the seventh floor above the ground, in which there was no machinery but where the dressed flax was sorted and put in bunches according to quality. Each one of the hands had a stipulated quantity to do. Well, in the day above alluded to, a number of us got to playing and we had a good time for about half an hour.

The overlooker, Mr. Horsfall, was in a room below, but one by the name of George Duthoit, a sub in the absence of the overlooker, had charge. Now we had a standing plan by which we received warning of the approach of anyone. At last the warning was given and each was in time at his own place and quietly attending to his duty. After the overlooker had passed along we then raised heads, winked and grinned in quietness, enjoying our fun over again. Up to this time all was fine, but alas! A change came over the scene, for when Mr. John Dunderdale came into the room—he being the chief foreman—he had scarcely taken his seat at his desk, which was situated in the center of the room, before Mr. Henry Horsfall was by him—in a whispered conversation—and shortly Mr. Dunderdale called for James Bywater.

I marched up in answer to the call and was accosted with, "What have you been doing, and give us the names of all who were engaged in the disorder which has been going on."

I answered, "A few of us have been playing, but we have done no damage or injury. We shall do our full quota of work and he who gave my name knows all the others; let him give their names, for I will not."

Mr. Dunderdale gave me a long lecture, showing me my duty from his standpoint and suspending me until I conformed to the demand made. Well, I turned aside and after a while I was called again. I said I would not comply with the demand; then another lecture followed, making allusion to the position my grandfather held at death and also the many long years of faithfulness of my father, and if I did well my prospects were fair to remain an employee all my life.

My answer was, "Speak the word of my doom, for I will not tell the names, let him who gave mine do it; as for me working in this factory all my life, I will not; for if you do not discharge me now it will be but a short time before I leave of my own accord, for I will go to America and make my home there among strangers and thus leave my present home and my native land. Therefore, do as you will, it matters very little to me."

At this they seemed a little taken back and, after a short silence, Mr. Dunderdale said:

"James, you can go to your work and we shall fine you." Which they did for three weeks following in the amount of one shilling and six-pence each week.

CHAPTER IV

Prepares for America—John Bywater—Factory farewell—Departure August 14, 1848—"Ocean Monarch"—"Garrick"—Telegraphic News—Ocean voyage—Land in New York—Buffalo-Milwaukee ticket buying—Tramp to Cousin Ben's—Meets the Copleys—Bull team—Rock River—My trunk—First job—Thomas Hainey—Family and Prudence—Discharged—2nd job Barrett Williams—James and Prudence lovers.

I had most of my money loaned out, that I had been saving for years, and at once called it in. I told my parents of my intentions and at once commenced to prepare for the event. I talked to my Uncle George and told him my determination, and promised to take his son John with me and go to his son Benjamin in Wisconsin. We made arrangements to cross the Atlantic in the "Ocean Monarch," a sailing vessel, which would leave Liverpool about the tenth of August, 1848. On Tuesday morning I went to the factory at 6 A.M. in room 46, and when Mr. Dunderdale came in I accosted him and told him I had quit work and would go to Liverpool and go on shipboard this day, tenth of August, and sail for America next day.

He told me to go around and bid goodbye to my old shop-mates, which I did, and they were surprised. We bade kindly goodbyes. I did not speak to George Duthoit. No, nor ever after the day he gave my name and betrayed me. I saw him on my visit to England in the early part of 1852, but we did not speak.

The parting with my parents, brothers and sisters was pathetic. We took the train at Hunslet

Station for Liverpool; on arriving engaged a conveyance to the dock, where lay the "Ocean Monarch." We could not ship on her. She had her complement of passengers save one, so we drove to a boarding house. The next day, I think, we engaged passage on the ship "Garrick," and telegraphic news was received that the "Ocean Monarch" was burned to the water's edge on the Irish coast and many lives lost.

We went on board the 13th and set sail Sunday the 14th of August, according to my best recollection. We ran into a vessel and broke our jib boom, no other damage. We had a very fair passage, save we were struck by a squall once and had many sails destroyed. We were tossed about violently for about two hours. The sea broke over the ship; we, the passengers, were battered down in the hold. We also had a couple of incipient fires but arrived safely in New York on the 15th of September. We landed next day, being just five weeks from going on board to landing.

The same night we went to Albany on a Hudson river steamboat, and from there started the following day for Buffalo by way of the Erie canal on one of its boats which was towed by a horse. Having arrived at Buffalo we found our tickets, which we and others had purchased in New York City for a through passage to Milwaukee in Wisconsin, were bogus. We visited the mayor, but he could do nothing, only regretted very much that so many emigrants should be made the victims of unprincipled scoundrels. We paid steamboat fare afresh from Buffalo to Milwaukee over Lakes Erie, Huron, St. Clair and Michigan, distance about 1000 miles. We had an uneventful voyage.

In the afternoon of the day we landed we started on foot for the English settlement, about 125 miles. We called at farm houses and got something to eat when hungry, camping out in the woods and hay stacks at night. On the night before reaching Madison, the capital of the state of Wisconsin, a violent rain storm came on. We were at a hay stack and got wet through. We arose and started on in the night, dripping wet. We reached Madison and got in a saloon. Next night we stopped at Mr. Williams, a friend of Cousin Benjamin, who resided at the Blue Mounds and was a miner and a native of England in Cornwall. Next day we reached Ben's log cabin and had a joyous meeting.

We visited among the settlers, who were chiefly English from around Leeds and Liverpool. I got acquainted with Mr. James Copley from New Wortley, who with his family were brought out by an emigration society the same that my Uncle William Bywater belonged to. Mr. Copley had several of his daughters living around in the settlement who were married and settled in life. His youngest daughter Prudence was living at home with her parents and unmarried, was 16 years of age, interesting and prepossessing. We became quite friendly.

Since landing at New York we had had the finest weather I had ever seen—clear, bright sky, not a cloud, comparatively speaking. I worked around with some of the farmers until the beginning of November, when Ben and I started with a bull team for Rock River to get my trunk containing my best clothes, gifts and souvenirs. I received a letter from a friend (whose name I have forgotten but who loaned me money to pay mine and Cousin John's passage from Buffalo to Milwaukee, and with

whom I left my trunk and contents as security), requesting me to come at once to Milwaukee and redeem my trunk as he was going to move away.

This friend was a passenger in the ship "Garrick," where we became acquainted. I started on foot immediately and arrived in time to secure my trunk and got a conveyance for myself and trunk as far as Rock River, where I left it in the possession of a farmer, promising to return after a few weeks and take it away.

I returned to the settlement and the first day out we reached Mr. Thomas Hainey's hotel, about six miles south of the Blue Mounds. Cousin Ben was acquainted with him and they made arrangements for me to work for Mr. Hainey at $6 per month and board, and he would go some time in the near future and get my trunk, and Ben could return home, which was done accordingly.

Now I had never attended stock or as much as fed a horse. The first time I went to fetch a span of horses out of the stable and hitch them up—now the horses, fortunately, were very gentle, after getting them outside the stable and trying to take them to the wagon—they wouldn't answer the lines at all, so at last I went and stood before them to see what was the matter. I stood before them, looking inquiringly into their faces, desiring very much that they could tell me what was wrong, for I certainly did not know. I looked so earnestly into their faces and they in turn looked so quiet and innocent at me, but I could not see what was the matter. So I got hold of the lines and found they were fastened to something on the harness by the horses' shoulders. I took it off; yes, it was one of the bridles. I was busy, wondering how to put it on, turning

it over and over. The more I turned it over the more I got mixed, and while in this puzzled condition the man came and said, "I will put on the bridles," and I felt much obliged. I watched him put them on, hitch up and start. I was very thankful. I got out of that scrape so nicely and I got out of many more such the two months I stayed there.

I have given one example and by a little ingenuity the reader can imagine some others of a similar character I got into. Mr. Hainey went and got my trunk in due time, all right. After working there about two months Mr. Hainey hired an American and discharged me because of my awkwardness.

I conveyed my trunk to a hotel at Blue Mounds and went to the settlement and hired out to Mr. Barrett Williams, a woodsman, for the winter, and worked on the border of the Wisconsin river getting out hardwood logs and timber, I chopping. In the spring of 1849 I hired to go with a company of men to the pine forests of Wisconsin, raft and run pine lumber and timber from the pineries down the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers at $1.25 per day with board.

I returned to the settlement in June and found that a report had been received that I was drowned shortly after starting for the pineries. Friends were very much pleased to see me return.

I sent to my father a year's house rent out of my wages. Some of the most pleasing reminiscenses of my life are the scenes and incidents of my labors as a raftsman and the dangers experienced in running the rapids of the Wisconsin river. I was nearly lost on the grand rapids and had exciting times in running the Dells of that river. Our raft struck the Lone Rock, besides many incidents which occurred

that time lends a charm unto it. It is 54 years ago this spring since I went as a lumber and raftsman on the Wisconsin river.

My Cousin Ben had got my trunk, which I had left at the Blue Mounds after leaving Mr. Hainey's. My friendship for Miss Copley had grown and I was now her acknowledged lover. She had many offers of marriage. There were many more males than females and she, being both young and attractive, many sought her hand. After staying around a few weeks I struck out to find work.

I got a job to drive a team and haul lead and blackjack to Galena from different smelters in Wisconsin, chiefly from Franklin and Black Jack. The boss I worked for was a coonish man. His place was 16 miles north of Galena. Franklin was 35 miles further north. I got occasionally a load at Galena for different points in Wisconsin. Galena was in Illinois, four miles south of the Wisconsin south line.

Toward the latter part of summer I got a load of whiskey for Portage on the Wisconsin river in the pine forests. My way led through the English settlement. I passed through with my load, but saw none of my acquaintances. In Pleasant Valley, just north of the settlement, I stayed overnight with an Englishman and his family. After supper I asked him if he would take a little whiskey. He said, "Yes." I asked him for a gimblet and a jug, which were soon forthcoming. I led him out to the wagon, bored a hole in one of the casks holding 40 gallons. I had six of them. We tipped the cask and got a quart or more. We went in the house and in less than ten minutes after I could easily discern that my host's tongue was getting loose. He told me how he once could fight and the way he wal-

loped men. I listened and kept piling the whiskey into him and at last he rolled over a very drunken man.

In the morning I left him a quantity, paid for my night's entertainment, bade him good morning and proceeded up the river to Portage, where there are many Indian women married to French Canadians. The women belong to the Black Hawk tribe.

I arrived at Portage safe, delivered my whiskey, got my pay and started on my return, calling at the English settlement.

CHAPTER V

Visits Miss Copley—Love's Romance—Fever River splash—Trusts the horses—Night black as ink—Home at last—Visit with cousin Ben and uncle George—Hired to Samuel Mitchell—Trip to Galena with porkers—Christmas with Ben—Brother-in-law of Prudence invites his visit—Jim, you are the one above all others for Prudence—Visits Prudence—Re-engagement—Mr. Mitchell's death—Religious awakening—Decides to go to England.

I was received coolly by Miss Copley. She told me that my sweetheart from England had followed me, and was at present in Philadelphia and wished me to send for her, so my Uncle George, who had come from England recently, had told her mother, and she said, "I don't want to be in the way of anyone, so we will break our engagement."

I told her the person was no sweetheart of mine but only a neighbor, and was with her uncle and aunt in Philadelphia, and no engagement existed between us and that she never was my sweetheart. But Prudence still insisted that I should be true to her and that our engagement was at an end. So we parted at that.

Next morning I started with my team for home. I camped at noon by a small stream where the last Black Hawk battle was fought. The name of the stream I have forgotten, but it is situated between Mineral Point and Elkhorn Grove. I was quite sad over our love affair but full of hope that all would be well. On arriving at Elkhorn Tavern, which was close to Elkhorn Grove, it was very dark, but it being only about three miles from home I did not like to stay over night, and having been gone ten

or twelve days I was anxious to get home. So I continued my journey and as I entered the grove it had become so dark I could not see my hand, however close I held it to my face.

The road wound about to avoid stumps and I gave the horses the reins, but I was in fear every moment of striking a stump, but at last we emerged from the grove all right but I could not see the road it was so very dark.

The road forked, one south and one straight west. The latter one I wanted to take, but the team took the south one and the first evidence I had of it the team plunged into Fever river. I knew it was shallow with a good hard bottom, so I urged the team on, but it could not pull the load and it stuck. I could not see the team. I got out and found that the hind axle was on a stringer—the bridge gone save one stringer. I had on a load of very fine winter wheat that I had bought of Thomas Hody Kingson, a brother-in-law of Prudence. The wheat was in two-bushel sacks. I took out of the hind end of the wagon about eight of the sacks, putting them near the wagon, and the team at the first pull took the load out on the bank.

Now I stood there, but could neither see team, wagon nor the sacks of wheat on the ground. I knew the number I had taken out. I found them close by, put them in the wagon, got in myself, started the team, gave them the reins and, on getting within half a mile of home I came to a well known house that I could see close by the roadside.

The balance of my way lay along a group of prospecting holes from eight to fifteen feet deep and about four feet in diameter. They lay on the

southeast side of the road, so I kept a little check on the team lest they should get into one.

When I felt sure we were near home I stopped the team, which was now on a bare prairie, I found the house not over 25 steps from the wagon. I returned to the wagon, got in, started the team and gave them the reins, feeling sure they would go to the stable. When they stopped I got out and found that we were close by the stable door, put up the team as best I could and went to the house about two o'clock in the morning.

I continued to work the team until fall, then I took a trip to the settlement, where I abode with Cousin Ben. His father, who was my Uncle George, was there, and I spent several pleasant weeks with him, and he was sorry for what he had said about my pretended sweetheart in Philadelphia.

Near the close of 1849 I started out again after work, going to Franklin, then down to my old friend the coonish man and hired again. I remained with him till the spring of 1850, when he sold his place and went to California, and I went again to the settlement in Dane county, Wisconsin.

After two or three weeks I started off again and Cousin Ben with me. We made along the Mississippi on the Illinois and Iowa sides, but did poorly. We parted in midsummer at Savannah, Illinois, I going down the river in a canoe to New Albany in Illinois and he going home on foot.

I worked in a brick yard awhile and then hired out to Mr. Samuel Mitchell. I mowed him a few tons of hay in the early part of October. I hired out to a brother of his for one year. We lived about four miles up the river on a farm lying near to the Mississippi on the east side.

Mr. Mitchell was in feeble health. He had, I think, four children. His eldest son's name was William. After getting in all the corn I went into the timber along the river and got out stakes and riders for his entire farm. He was very much pleased with my work. We killed a number of hogs about the middle of December and he concluded to send a load into the Galena market, and appointed me and his son William to take the load. This suited me and I asked him to allow me after I had sold the load and got the money to give it to William, and he return home and for me to go and spend the Christmas with my Cousin Ben, to which he readily assented.

We loaded up nine hogs; the weight I disremember. We reached Galena in good time, sold the hogs and got the money. William started for home with it and his team and I started on foot for the English settlement 78 miles away, but William had a greater distance to go before reaching home.

After I had passed Dodgeville a few miles I met a brother-in-law of Prudence. He greeted me very warmly and told me to hurry to the side of Prudence, for she was pining for my company. He said she had followed me to Franklin but could get no news of me. He further said, "Jim, you are the one above all others with her."

I reached Cousin Ben's father-in-law's place and stayed with him and his family that night. The next night I stayed at Ben's and the next day we went over to a neighbor's by the name of Joseph Cooper. On the way we saw Prudence on her way up the ravine to her sister Sarah's, and when we returned from Mr. Cooper's, on approaching the crossroad that led to the place where Prudence had

gone, I told Ben that I would go up there. "All right," he said, "we will drive up, and if you are received kindly I will stay only a few moments, proceed home and leave you." We agreed.

I was received most pleasantly. After a few words of greeting, Cousin Ben bade good evening and left for home. Everything went off well with me and the Copley family. I stayed with the old people and Prudence a couple of days, and we concluded that I should work my year out with Mr. Mitchell, which would end in October, 1851, then return to the settlement and we would marry at Christmas. Prudence on her part would go to Mineral Point, hire out to some family, save her earnings for the wedding expenses. After getting settled in a family she would write me and open up a correspondence, each one to write a letter to the other every Sunday.

I went to Ben's, stayed over night, left him next morning, after bidding him good-bye, I called to shake hands with Prudence, who said, "You don't go today. It is Saturday. Stop here till Monday morning, then you can go," which I did, and just as I was about leaving Monday morning Cousin Ben came past and saw me and after a few jocular remarks and good-byes he went his way, and I started for Mr. Mitchell's to fulfill the balance of my year's term.

I arrived there in about one week. During my absence Mr. Mitchell had died and was buried. They informed me that he had charged them to keep me a year and to pay me strictly according to the agreement. They told me, however, that they did not expect me to return.

After a short time I got a letter from Prudence.

She had obtained a place with a family residing at Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

The Mitchell family were religious and went most every Sunday to town, New Albany, some four miles down the river, to attend church. Regularly every week I got a letter from Prudence and wrote her one every Sunday, I think without missing one, and so week after week went flying past. Spring came and went and summer came and soon passed away.

Now for some length of time I had been praying unto God to lead me into the way of life, to give me to know His mind and will, even the plan of salvation, for I was at a loss to know what was truth and which one of the churches was right. But I could not, nor ever had believed, that belief alone would save any man, but that man would be judged and rewarded or punished according to his works.

This always appeared to be just and right, and a religion that taught for doctrine that belief alone was the only essential to salvation appeared to me to be unjust and wrong. My sympathies were with that class of religious people who seemed to me to be the most sincere in serving God with their hearts, mind and strength, rather than with those who merely went through a formula of ceremonies.

October was near at hand and my year's services were drawing to a close, and the time hastening for me to go up into Wisconsin and prepare for our wedding, which had been set for Christmas day, 1851.

Near evening, as I was going to the house after my day's work, it suddenly occurred to my mind that I had made a promise unto my father

that if I concluded to finally settle in America that I would pay them a visit before making final settlement. Like an electrical shock it passed through me, and I stood still exclaiming to myself, "What shall I do! What shall I do! Break my promise with my father, go up to Wisconsin, get married, or go to England, keep my promise with my father, return and then get married. What shall I do!" I was greatly exercised over the matter, standing thus between two sacred promises. After about five minutes' meditation, I concluded to keep my promise with my father.

So I then started on my way to the house, having settled my mind to go to England, visit among my kinsfolk and in a few weeks return to America

CHAPTER VI

Breaks correspondence with Prudence—Sails Mississippi to St. Louis—Meets two Englishmen—Deck hand in distress—Arrive in New Orleans—Search for shipping—Advances stranger passage money—Meets William Wolstenholm—Religious interviews——Divine Testimony of Gospel—Joseph Smith a Prophet of God—Divine covenant.

My term of one year's service was ended in the early part of October, but the administrator of Mr. Samuel Mitchell's estate could not settle with me for a couple of weeks or so, and I took up my abode in New Albany and there waited until he paid me, which was toward the latter part of October.

I wrote to Prudence requesting her not to write again until she either heard from me or saw me, as I was going to remove. Immediately after getting my money I took passage on a Mississippi river steamboat for St. Louis. On board were two Englishmen who came from Pudsey and Bradford and were going down to St. Louis. They had been in Portage in Wisconsin and had not a cent of money. I had a little silver and gave it to them. My money was in bank bills. I changed it into English gold at St. Louis.

I promised the Pudsey man that I would visit his family while in England. I started on a lower Mississippi river steamboat for New Orleans, arriving there about the middle of November. There was a man on board working with the deck hands, who seemed in great mental distress and the hands were chaffing him all the time. I could see from his clothes that he had been in the country but a

short time and I felt much sympathy for him. I made his acquaintance and learned he was an Englishman from Derby and a butcher by trade, whose name was Samuel Simpson; that he landed in New Orleans, was robbed there of all his money, about fifteen sovereigns, had just came up to St. Louis and was going back to New Orleans in the hope of getting a chance to work his passage to England on the ship he came over in, if she had not sailed when he reached New Orleans.

We arrived at New Orleans about the middle of November. We went to a hotel for the night and the next day went to see about getting passage to England. He could not get a chance on the New York to work his passage back. This gave him a great mental shock, caused him to be homesick and despondent. He looked misery itself. Day after day we visited the shipping lines without success until the second day in December, when we found a vessel that would sail for Liverpool in a day or two. We saw the captain, who was a Scotchman, and he said he would take us for six pounds each, but did not want any passage working.

Sam felt very bad, so I told him if he would pay me after arriving in England, before I started on my return to America, I would pay his passage. He wept. He said he would surely do it and more, too. He was a member of the Church of England and said if he did not do it he hoped the Lord would not suffer him to enter into his Kingdom nor any member of his family. I raised objections to that and said I could not agree to that. All I desired was that he promise to pay me and then do it. This is all I wish. He told me that if he

failed to get passage to England he had resolved to commit suicide.

The captain told me he had one more passenger. On his coming to the ship we made acquaintance at once. His name was William Wolstenholme of Preston, England, who had been in the country about one year, staying at St. Louis, and was going after his family. The captain reared a temporary building on deck amidship for us. William and I joined and bought some comforts in addition to ship fare. On the 4th of December, the day we started, I paid the captain. I counted out six pounds for my fare and commenced to count out Sam's fare. When I had handed him two gold pieces, being one and one-half pounds to the best of my remembrance, he said, "Stop, that will do; he can work the balance." This was a pleasant surprise to me.

On the 4th of December we were towed down the Mississippi and over the bar into the Gulf of Mexico by a steam tug, which took another ship at the same time, one on each side of her. Our ship was named "Anna Dorotha," the other "New York," the same that Samuel Simpson came over in. Our ship was a Scotch clipper and was built in the Clyde, the other being an American ship.

The tug took the New York over the bar first. We stuck on the bar, I forget the number of hours we were in getting over. There was a fair wind and the New York made the Florida point and into the Atlantic with it, and we did not see her after the first day. When we reached the narrows the wind was dead ahead. We sailed well toward Cuba, then back to the Florida coast and so on

for two or three days before we could make the passage.

I will now go back with my narrative. While we were waiting to be towed over the bar an oyster vessel came alongside. I bought a bucket full of oysters. We ate our fill. Now William and I had provided ourselves with some good liquor, but not enough to treat all hands and supply ourselves for a few weeks.

There was one English sailor we treated almost every day on his calling into our bunkhouse, but after about two weeks—calling in one day—he said it would be the last time he could call as some of the sailors had forbidden him, and he warned me not to go on deck in the night time and to keep our bunk door locked, for one of the crew, an Irishman and a murderer, had threatened me, and this because we had not treated the rest of the sailors as we had treated him. He came no more after that.

After we had got well started on the Gulf, Mr. William Wolstenholme asked me if I was a religious man. I answered that I was religiously inclined but did not belong to any denomination, as I thought they were all wrong, but my sympathies were with the Methodists, because they seemed to me to be the most sincere.

He said they hold like most of the denominations, that to believe in Jesus was sufficient, to which I said I did not believe it, for the devils believed. Faith in Jesus was necessary, but to be saved man must obey His word. He spoke on the necessity of baptism, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost; also the signs following

the true believer, the necessity of continual revelation.

I did not deny these scriptural doctrines, but asked, "Were not these things done away with after apostolic times?" I became deeply interested and these Gospel conversations were continued for two or three days.

On the evening of the second day, I think, I received a testimony from God, that the principles Mr. Wolstenholme taught were true, and they appeared to me as if I had ever known them. My bosom burned within me, and as I lay in my bunk I wept for joy and said to myself, "I know the principles of the true Gospel, for God has revealed them unto me." I spent a good portion of the night rejoicing and thanking God for the blessing.

I kept this to myself for a day or two, but at last I asked what denomination he belonged to. Looking me in the face, as we stood on deck, he mildly said, "I am a Mormon."

I was shocked at the answer and said, "What! A Mormon!" And I further asked, "Did Joseph Smith teach these principles you have advanced?"

He answered, "Yes."

I immediately received a testimony that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, yes, a knowledge; I knew it to be true. The light of that truth filled my whole being; with my hat in my left hand and my right raised, I bore testimony that God had given me to know these things, and not man.

As soon as I ceased testifying I heard a voice, saying: "God has now answered your prayers, and given you to know the way of life. What are you willing to sacrifice for it; your father and mother, your brothers and sisters; houses and land; yea,

and your own life if necessary?" These were the last words I heard spoken in a still small, voice.

I answered. "Yes, the Lord being my helper."

I put on my hat and dropped my right hand, rejoicing greatly in the testimony of Jesus, and that at last I knew the truth that I had prayed for and always desired so much.

CHAPTER VII

Had heard about Mormons and Joseph Smith—Passed Nauvoo on the Hill—Hot stove poker incident—Wholesome advice of friend—Brisk squall at New Foundland—Acquaintance with captain and daughters—Flag of distress—Harbor of Cork sighted—Tuscan Lights—Liverpool Docks, Jan. 7, 1852.

I had heard about the Mormons and the Prophet Joseph Smith, but only infamous and malicious misrepresentations and base caluminies. These had led me to think adversely of them, but no unkind feeling entered my heart.

I passed Nauvoo in 1849, as I was going down to St. Louis I was kindly attracted to it and the temple on the hill. I inquired the name of the place and was told it was once the residence of the Mormon people, but they had been driven out. A kind feeling filled my heart toward them and I desired much to see one and converse on their belief.

While in New Orleans waiting to get a passage across the Atlantic, a circumstance occurred which I will relate here. One night in the saloon room of the hotel where I and Sam were staying, a quarrel arose between two young chaps, one a Scotchman, the other an Irishman. It was over the renting of a small building. The Irishman was a cripple and very vindictive. On several occasions during the dispute he had, or pretended that he had, gained a point, and treated the crowd who were interested in the matter.

I saw him put a fire poker in the stove. He would look at it once in a while and put it back

into the stove. It struck me that he intended to attack the young Scotchman with it, when a point in the quarrel had been reached. At last he drew the poker out of the fire. It was red hot and he made an effort to reach his man, but one of the company prevented him, saying that would be going too far. But two or three simultaneously assaulted the young Scotchman, one seizing him from behind, locking his arms and holding him up while others struck him in the face.

The one who was the most aggressive was a young chap about my size. He beat the poor fellow in the face until he was covered with blood, and the young Scotchman seemed about to faint from the punishment.

I had been deeply worked up by it and at last got up from my seat to go to his assistance, intending to pitch into the one who had been the most severe. Just as I was passing an old sailor, he seized me by the arm and said, "Don't interfere but sit down, I want to talk to you." A moment's thought impressed me it was better to sit down. I did so.

The old sailor said, "I have sailed over many seas and been in ports of many lands, and have learned to mind my own business and not to mix into other people's quarrels. Now I had seen the workings of your countenance and knew that you were going to rush into trouble. Had you done that, these fellows would have cut you up; they would have killed you. I can see that you have a good heart, but take my advice: Never interfere in a fight when you are a perfect stranger to all the parties concerned."

I accepted the advice and have profited by it.

We had quite a storm while on the banks of New Foundland. Sails were carried away and ship headed to storm. I thought the vessel was capsizing, for her bulwarks on starboard side were buried in the sea and the foretop sailboom was broken when it dipped into the sea.

When the ship righted the broken sailboom came crashing through the bulwarks. The ship's hauser was coiled on the carpenter's galley, but not made fast and when the ship careened it slipped off and went into the sea and was lost. The bulwarks were entirely buried in the sea and the sea half way to the center of the deck, and the yard arms of the mast dipping into the water.

I was braced in the doorway of our bunk house, holding on in fear of slipping into the sea. It was a wild sight and I thought the ship could not right herself, but that she was surely capsizing. After a while she lifted her bulwarks out of the water, a storm jib sail was hoisted, and for ninteeen hours she rode the stormy seas in safety. The wind fell, the broken boom had been gotten aboard, the ropes had held it, sails were hoisted and we proceeded on our voyage.

The captain had a daughter with him and he did, from time to time, call on me and have a little chat. Nothing of special interest occurred until we neared the harbor of Cork (Queenstown), Ireland. It was foggy. We were near land but had not seen any yet. The first object we saw through the light fog was a ship, it was near our course on the starboard quarter, and on nearing we could see she was flying a flag of distress. We ran close to her to ascertain the trouble.

Our captain spoke to her and asked what she

wanted. Her answer was a pilot to take her into the harbor of Cork. During this time the fog lifted and right before us, I should think not over two miles away, was the Iron lightship riding at anchor and on the starboard bow the rocky shores of old Ireland were plainly seen.

The wind freshed a little and we were gradually drifting toward the Irish coast. Additional sails were put up and the ship held close to the wind. She lay well over, her starboard bulwarks being about even with the sea. It was 4 P.M., the dog watch, but all hands remained on deck. Our course lay seaward of the light ship, but we passed on the shore side. The sailors swore, they hoped the bottom of the Spanish ship we had spoken of would drop out, for it had brought us into great peril. The lightship hoisted her regular lights, not danger lights, which gave us hope. A man was sent into the foretop to take observations and report.

We could see the waves dash on the rocks to a great height, then fall back in white foam into the sea again. It was a trying time. There was more than one pale face on board. I asked the Lord that if I perished to accept for baptism my burial in the ocean. Finally the watch in the foretop cried, "Light ho!" He was asked where. He gave the directions and described the light, and the shout went up, "We are saved, it is the Tuscan Lights."

Next day the captain told me I never was so near death as when we were close to the Irish coast the previous day, and what saved us was that at the most critical moment the wind changed three points in our favor. We arrived in the Mersey opposite our dock on the 7th of January, 1852, having made the trip in 35 days. The tide was running out,

not being able to dock, we cast anchor. A gale sprung up and we rode with two anchors out until the 10th, when we docked with the tide. William Wolstenholm and I landed, went to an eating house, had a lunch and beer together.

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CHAPTER VIII

Train to Leeds, Cab to Front Walk 10—Prospect Place, Holbeck—Greetings with mother—Other greetings with father—Located Latter-day Saints —Date fixed for Baptism——Joseph Horton officiated—Light heart and feelings—William Wolstenholme as guest—Sadness of separation—Departure.

In the afternoon I took train for Leeds. Upon arriving there I took a cab to No. 10 Front Walk, Prospect Place, Holbeck. I arrived there between 10 and 11 P.M. The cabman helped me to the door with my trunk, I paid my fare and then knocked on the door. My mother said, "Come in."

I opened the door and inquired if Mr. Joseph Robert Bywater lived there.

She answered "Yes," but that he was not at home. My mother was putting beer into barrels, assisted by Mrs. Bess Ross, a neighbor and close friend of mother's, whom I knew, after asking a few questions.

At last I said, "Do you know me?"

"No, sir," she said.

I said, "Look at me and see if you don't know me."

They seemed a little annoyed, and answered a second time that they did not know me.

So I said, "Well, I'm a little surprised you don't know me, for I know you both so well, and it is strange to me that my mother does not know me, even your own son James."

Well, after greetings, I got my trunk into the house. Mother got me something to eat and I drank some of her beer. She told me father, Esther and her

sweetheart, also others of the family, were at the circus and would be home soon. When they came I was still sitting in father's chair and, after being seated a few minutes, mother asked father if he knew the man who was sitting in his chair.

He answered, "No."

"Why, it is strange you don't know your own son."

Well, we had a joyous greeting all around. None of the family knew me save Sister Maria. For several days I was visiting friends and kindred, and had much pleasure both in that and in viewing the green fields and woodlands that I loved so well in my youthful days.

I ascertained where the Latter-day Saints held their meetings, which was in the Leather Market at the lower end of Meadow Lane. I attended their meetings regularly and, at last, Sunday, February 1st, made a request for baptism. It was appointed that at the close of a testimony meeting held February 4th, 1852, it would be attended to. We adjourned to Brother Halewell's, in Water Lane, Holbeck, and had a short service and then proceeded to Armley, at the foot of the Locks, near Spring Gardens. I was baptized in the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, by Brother Joseph Horton, president of the Leeds branch of the Bradford Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and on Sunday, February 8th, was confirmed by Elder Robert Dransfield and others.

Brother Joshua Holdsworth of Stocks Hill, Holbeck, was my teacher, and I was called upon to donate for the temple and other things, which I did.

The night I was baptized was very dark. On my way home I called on my old friend, Mark Tom-

linson, near Zion's School, New Worthy, and after a short visit I went home and took off my wet clothes.

I experienced a wonderful change, the lightness of heart and feeling were remarkable. Truly my sins had been washed away and forgiven me, and I had much sweet joy and peace.

Next day in company with my uncle, John Bywater, I went to Pudsey to visit the family of my Portage acquaintance, made on a Mississippi steamboat as mentioned before. I found them at their home washing clothes, the wife and one daughter. I told them of the incident on the Mississippi river, also the words he told me to deliver. The woman was angry and scolded him. She neither thanked me nor asked me to sit down. I left and returned with Uncle John to Holbeck. Of them I have never heard a word since.

I want to mention that Brother William Wolstenholme paid me a visit about the beginning of March and stayed overnight with me. My father had a few square yards of garden, which I dug and planted, got some clothes made, and quietly made preparations for my return to America.

Some of my friends said I should never do that, but remain in England. It was a great trial to me, even the thought of leaving my kindred, and my father was much troubled over it, and I had sorrow to see him bowed down with grief. About the 10th of April, nearly heartbroken, we bade each other good-bye. I cannot describe the intense grief I felt. My brother Robert gave me six pounds.

CHAPTER IX

Voyage Liverpool-New York—Scant rations—Cod fishing—Passage New York-Albany-Buffalo-Over the lakes to Milwaukee—Cleveland-Pier Spring—Irish Shalalie.

I arrived safely at Liverpool. Foreign emigration was very large and passage was difficult to obtain. Finally I got passage on a barque of about 250 tons burden. There were from 50 to 74 passengers on board, mostly Irish. The captain was Irish, a Protestant. He was quite sociable with me and would invite me often into his cabin to converse on religion, and at many other times on deck we would discuss religious subjects. We had much bad weather, strong head winds and made slow progress. Many sailors are superstitious. Some of them had consulted the oracles, who had said, "The ship would make New York in six weeks or never."

But when six weeks had passed we were many hundreds of miles from port. Our provisions fell short and we had but one meal per day, which was oatmeal mush with molasses. When we got on the banks of Newfoundland, the captain called me and said we were on fishing ground and asked me if we hadn't better fish awhile. It suited me first rate, but I told him I didn't have a fish line.

He said, "I will get you one," and he did. It was a long stout line with a large hook. He gave me a piece of pork for bait. A light breeze was blowing. He reversed some sails and this brought the barque to a standstill.

Over the ship's side our lines went. We paid

out until we had a bite, then pulled up. Each line had on one or two fine codfish, and just as fast as we could lower our lines and pull them in, so fast we hauled in a big fine codfish. This we continued with five or six lines, until we had many hundreds of pounds. The captain said, "Enough." We quit and he put the ship on her course again.

Now the passengers were divided into messes, and the fish were divided among the messes. We had a splendid time eating the fine fresh codfish. We had all we wanted for about a week. We arrived in New York on the 18th of June, having been 60 days from port to port. We sailed from Liverpool the 19th of April and landed on the 19th of June in New York.

I, having been here before, and a number of the passengers were going over the lakes as well as myself, they wished me to act as agent. I engaged passage for about thirty to Albany, the capital of the state of New York, paying for each, including luggage, on a Hudson river steamboat, 25 cents per head, the distance being 150 miles.

At Albany I engaged passage to Buffalo, including luggage, on an Erie canal boat, one dollar each, the distance being 380 miles. One day on our way up the captain got to speaking about the superior smartness of the Americans over old country people, and to illustrate it he cited an aged couple who were going to their son who had sent for them and was living near Buffalo.

Now, they had paid three dollars each for passage, while the young man who had acted as agent only paid to the company about one dollar each. I had listened until I felt disgusted and finally chipped in.

"Well, captain," I said, "I am astonished at the position which you have taken. Now this aged couple have left their native land (Scotland), to spend their declining years with a loving and dutiful son in this land of liberty, and here they will die and be buried, amid strangers, far from the land where their ancestors sleep. They came in a trusting and confiding spirit, believing the people to be good, honest and truthful. They believed without doubting what the young man told them, but he misrepresented the matter and got six dollars from them, being four dollars more than he should take. Now, you call this smartness. I call it downright rascality, lying, deception and robbery." I got warm and did not know but he would kick me.

He took it like a philosopher. I told him I had traveled the road before, had been in the north, west and south of the United States. We cooled down a bit and he invited me into his cabin to talk. I went but kept my eyes open. He got a bottle of wine and invited me to drink. I drank but it was after he had drunk. The upshot was he wanted me to let him procure for us our passage over the lakes, offering me a free ticket. He simply showed the "cloven foot," and I rejected his offer.

Upon our arrival at Buffalo he tied up in a dock right opposite the agent's office. He jumped ashore and said, "All these people are mine, I am their agent," and invited us all to go into the office. I went in and asked the fare to Milwaukee—four dollars per head with luggage of 100 pounds. I walked out and looked at the parties, saying all who wished could follow me. The most of them did so. I went on the levee and soon found a boat

that had a notice, "Outgoing to start at 4 P.M. across the lakes."

There was a young man standing nearby who asked, "Are you going over the lakes?"

I told him, "Yes."

He asked me if I was English, to which I answered in the affirmative. We talked a little about Leeds and vicinity. He invited me to go on board and arrange for passage. I told him there were some twenty or more of us and I wanted the lowest possible fare. He said, "All right."

We went to an officer at his desk, had a parley, and finally arranged for $1.25 per head, with luggage, to any point as far as Milwaukee. We paid and got a conveyance and moved our luggage from the canal boat to the lake steamer. Its name I have forgotten.

We saw some of the other parties who had engaged passage at the office where the captain took us. None of them were going as far as Milwaukee, some not half the distance. Yet all were paying three dollars per head.

At Cleveland, Ohio, two of my company got off —being young people, a brother and sister. They were Irish, but very nice, clean and quiet. Through their earnest entreaty I went on shore to search for their brother, but I was nervous lest I lose the boat. At last I heard its bell for "all aboard." I ran for the boat.

She had taken in her foot planks, put up her deck walls and her engines were at work. She was slowly drawing away from the pier. I saw a rope hanging from the hurricane deck and, measuring the distance from the pier—all this I took in as I ran and without a halt—I sprang for the rope and

seized it as I came bump against the lower deck wall. Fortunately it was fast on the rail of the hurricane deck.

When I jumped a woman on the wharf screamed, thinking perhaps I was trying to commit suicide. Well, I commenced to climb hand over hand on the rope. I looked up and saw many of the passengers leaning over the rails looking down at me, and as soon as I came within reach strong hands seized hold of me and helped me aboard. I realized I had performed a dangerous feat. Had the rope been loose, I should have gone into the lake, and as the engines were working and the boat moving, it was very probable that I should have been sucked under the paddles and death would have been certain. I was very thankful that I was safe, and that by a merciful and kind providence.

In my company was a young Irishman and he had a nice Blackthorn walking stick. Toward the lower end there were from six to ten knots—it was a nice miniature "Irish Shalalie." An hour or two before he reached his destination he lost his stick. He could not find it. He felt worried over it and I sympathized with him. He had to get off without it. I have forgotten the place he left us, but next day an aged man, who was a passenger and a stranger, had it. I accosted him, claimed and demanded the stick of my friend, who had brought it from Ireland, asserting that we had crossed the ocean together and now in his absence the stick was mine. He gave it up. I was pleased and took good care of it.

On landing at Milwaukee, several of us went into a saloon and restaurant. While there an Irishman offered me a dollar for the stick and he sang about the "Irish Shalalie."

CHAPTER X

Visits Prudence—Recounts the intermission—Employed in the harvest for Mr. Copley—Methodist meeting with Copley Family—James invited to speak—Outside discussions—"Mormon" causes a scene—That dinner never finished—Mrs. Copley's wise words—James' eloquent defence—Engagement with Prudence broken.

I think I started that same day for the English settlement, and in due time I reached there and called at Prudence's home first, it being on the 23rd day of July. Our meeting was pathetic. She shed tears. We had not heard of each other since I left Mr. Mitchell's in October last. We had been engaged and planned to be married December 25, 1851, since Christmas of 1850.

She told me the family met at the old homestead on Christmas day, hoping for my presence, for all things had been arranged for the wedding. Her bridal dress made, ample provisions prepared for feasting; but hour after hour passed and I did not put in an appearance, and doubts began to fill the minds of the family. Yet I still had hope; Yea, I said, "James is true, and he will surely come before the day is past." Such was my faith and strong hopes that filled my heart; but when the clock struck 12 midnight I broke down and wept. And now, James, tell me where you have been and what has been the matter?"

I answered, "I have been to old England visiting my father, mother and my kindred in my native land. I set sail for Liverpool on the 4th of December at New Orleans, landed and reached my father's house late in the night of January 10, 1852. Left

Liverpool the following April on the 19th and landed in New York June 19th, being sixty days making the passage, and now am once more in Wisconsin safe and sound."

Well, it was now harvest time, and I engaged with her father to do his harvesting. I had a very nice time in visiting old friends and Cousin Ben. My Uncle George and family were in New York state, the family having come over in 1850. They brought me some presents, one of which I still have, a pocket knife that my brother Robert sent me.

After two or three weeks, I attended a meeting of the Methodists along with the Copley family. Thomas Hoskinson, a brother-in-law of Prudence, delivered the sermon. After the services were over the non-members left the meeting house, and I supposed the services were at an end, yet I lingered with the family who finally settled down in their seats and Brother Thomas commenced to speak. I sat down. After a few ordinary remarks, he said there was one incident which pleased him very much, and "that was our old friend, 'James Bywater,' was in our midst, and I sincerely hope that he will no more leave us, but settle down and permanently abide with us; and I do hope that in his journeyings he has at last found Christ. We would like to hear from him."

Being thus importuned, I felt it my duty to respond. So I arose, realizing it was a favorable opportunity to make known, partially, my religious sentiments.

I expressed my appreciation of the kind regards manifested for me, and I heartily reciprocated the same to all my friends, and in answer to Brother Thomas' question as to finding Christ, "I am very

happy to say that I have found Christ, and most profoundly so." He (Christ) said, "Unless a man was born again he cannot see the kingdom of God, and unless he is born of water and the spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God." I sincerely believe it, and also all the words he spoke. Now he himself was baptized of John in the river Jordan, and thus he was born of water.

No one spoke after me and we were dismissed, but as soon as we got outside of the house I was assailed in a boisterous manner, saying that baptism was only an outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace, and was not now needed. All these outward signs ceased with apostolic times. I would not enter into conversation with them, their boisterous manner being displeasing. I kept with the family who went to the parental home.

Upon our arrival there Brother Thomas earnestly asked me to what denomination I belonged. I evaded the question, but he continued to press it more and more earnestly, so at last I told him: I believed in the atonement of Jesus Christ and that his word was truth; and the Gospel as laid down in the Bible by Jesus and his apostles. Yes, the word in its literal sense, and I was willing to compare the principles and doctrines I believe in, with the word of God, and the teachings of Jesus and his apostles, as recorded in the Bible. But Thomas, you are not in a frame of mind to calmly investigate these things at present. Wait until tomorrow, and then at the family gathering let us converse on the subject, wisely and prudently, and I will then tell you my faith.

So we let it rest at that and on the following day the family gathered. We got along without

entering on religious matters until we were at dinner. Then Thomas got on it hot and wanted me to tell him the name of the religious body I belonged to. At last I told him. Then commenced a rumpus. Mr. Copley asked his son-in-law, Thomas, what I was. He said, "A Mormon."

Mr. Copley then jumped up from the table and, bringing his fist down heavily on the table, said, "I don't want a Mormon in my house, much less any of my family having anything to do with a Mormon." He put on his hat and walked out of the house, and all followed except Prudence, her mother and myself, and that dinner has never been finished up to the present day.

We sat quietly for a short time. Then the mother broke the silence, saying, "James, I am very sorry that a division should rise amongst us. We had great hopes that you and Prudence would marry, for we esteem you so highly and have done so for years, and father and I had agreed that you should have the homestead, including the stock, on condition that we reside with you and Prudence, and you take care of us and provide for us while we live; all of our daughters are married and settled down. Prudence is the youngest of nine girls and we have agreed to deed over the farm and give you all of its belongings, and I now plead with you to be one with us in religious matters. Is not it the most reasonable for the one to yield to the many, than the many to yield to the one; and we desire salvation as earnestly as you do, and God will not object to us when we get to heaven because we came through the Methodist church, the Presbyterian or any other denomination. And now, James, don't blast our hopes, but yield, come and

walk with us in the good old Methodist way, and how happy we shall be, and with joy we give you Prudence in marriage." During all this time Prudence had her face buried in her hands and apron.

In response, I replied that I could not command words to express the hopes of anticipated joy and bliss, when I could call Prudence my wife. **"I do not question the truth of your expressed gladness at the consumation of the event of our marriage but I realize that it could hardly equal mine, for I have loved Prudence with all the strength of my heart and there was no sacrifice too great for me to make for her, but now I am in the supreme moment of my life. I know that God has revealed unto me the way of life, and I cannot deny it, and accept man's precepts for doctrine, instead of the divine knowledge which God has given me by revelation. I realize very sensibly my position and the importance of the choice which I make. I love Prudence dearly, but I love my religion better, and I hold it to be more valuable than all other things in life. It is the first with me, and did I know that to choose it before Prudence and Methodism it would carry me to an early grave heartbroken, it would not change me in my choice. I am willing to sacrifice all things and my life also for my religion if necessary. Therefore, I choose my religion before all things else."**

After a few days Prudence's mother tried me again, but I remained firm in the choice I had made.

CHAPTER XI

Contract with Mr. Copley fulfilled—Prudence and John Gorst engaged—Final farewell to Prudence—Never meet again—Benediction of James upon Prudence—Parting with cousin Ben—Arrival in Galena—Meets Adam Blackhurst—Mormon Priest—Lumley's boarding-house—Worked with Blackhurst—Did very well.

I kept my promise to Mr. Copley, finished up his harvest and then I went to my Cousin Benjamin's place.

I was no more esteemed by the Copley family than a stranger. I do not remember any of them speaking to me. They bent all their influence and efforts to comfort Prudence and make a match with a young man, the son of the president of the settlement, whose name was Gorst, and all belonged to the Methodist church.

Mr. Gorst and Thomas Hodgkinson were the ministers and Thomas was husband of Sarah Copley, sister to Prudence.

It soon became common talk that Prudence and John Gorst were engaged and would soon marry.

I spent my time pleasantly, fishing part of every day in Mound creek, which ran through the valley and emptied into the Wisconsin river. The water of the creek was very clear and I could see the fish very plainly. I would find a bend where a nice bunch had gathered and it was a pleasure to haul them out, just as fast as I could bait and take off the fish from the line.

About half an hour would be all the time necessary to catch enough for the family's use each day,

and I got my fill every day of fish, and had lots of eggs and cream.

I kept close at Ben's home, and did not go into the settlement. His place was in a small ravine about three-quarters of a mile in length and one-fourth of a mile wide. He would have occasion to go into the settlement once or twice each week and would bring me the news. Having such a fine time and living so well, I got quite fleshy, and after being there four or five weeks I think I never had looked better in all my life.

One day John Gorst came up the ravine. Ben had gone to town and, if I remember right, I met John as I was going fishing. We had a few pleasant words on common topics and parted.

There was an understanding between me and Ben, which was, he would get all the news respecting the coming marriage and report to me, for I had resolved I would leave the settlement before the day of marriage. When he arrived home he told me that he had met John Gorst, who told him that I looked very well. Ben also reported that preparations were going on for the wedding which would take place in the early part of October.

A few days later he brought me word that the wedding would take place in about three days. I, having everything ready, then said, "Tomorrow I will leave." He did not like it and begged me to stay and take the next ravine north and settle down, for he had claimed it for me, but of course I had firmly resolved to make my way to Salt Lake and there settle among my co-religionists for life.

So, next morning, Ben said, "Well, Jim, I will go a few miles with you, but I don't like you to go."

About a mile from his home we struck the main road for the Blue Mounds.

On arriving there I told him I would go to Mr. Copley's and bid Prudence good-bye, for I have no ill will toward her and I know that when I leave the house a change will come over me, and that I shall never again heave a sigh over her. He went with me, but he did not wish me to go.

On arriving at the house I was pleased to find her at home, and also her sister Sarah, the wife of Thomas Hodgkinson, was there, who whispered to Prudence to brace up and not give way, and then left.

As soon as Sarah passed out I addressed Prudence as follows: **"Well, Prudence, I have come to bid you a lasting farewell, believing that, in this life, we shall never meet again. I pray God to bless you and be with you. I do not think you love John, but God help you to be faithful and true."**

I took her hand and pressed it warmly, saying, "Good-bye."

I walked out of the house and as soon as I turned therefrom a change came over me. I felt so peaceful toward all people, and the feelings of my heart were no stronger toward Prudence than to anyone else and have ever remained so until now, which is 49 years and five months since we parted. We have never seen each other since.

Ben went with me several miles. At last we parted, he returning home and I going forward to the Blue Mounds, then on to Galena in Illinois, situated on the west side of Fever river.

On arriving at Galena I readily found Brother Adamson Blackhurst of Sheffield, England. I had learned of him in the English settlement. He was

a Priest in the church and the only Mormon in Galena or neighborhood. He took me to a Mr. Wm. Lumley's, who kept a private boarding house and confectionery store. He was educated at a school close to Leeds. His wife was much younger than himself, was Welsh and good-looking. They kept a good table and treated me fine.

I commenced working with Brother Blackhurst next morning, drawing lumber from the river and piling it on the wharf at 30 cents per 1000 feet. I had work until in December. The latter part of the time we had to cut the ice to make a passage for the cribs of lumber to the wharf. I earned from three to five dollars per day; I had never done so well before.

CHAPTER XII

Went into country—Cutting cord wood—Becomes known as "Mormon"—Discussion with Presbyterian minister—Tirade against Mormons and Joseph Smith—Notice to quit the place—Complied with—Returned to Galena, Lumleys—An exhorter arrives—Complains against Lumleys for harboring Mormons—Foiled—Invited to visit former country home at Galena.

During the early part of the winter we worked at cross-cut sawing and whip-sawing. About the middle of the winter I went out in the country and got a job cutting cordwood and rail splitting with a very nice family. The lady was a widow and all the family Presbyterians, and I attended their meetings. Somehow it got abroad that I was a Mormon and the minister came one evening and stayed overnight.

I quit work at the usual time and went to the house, got supper and, when all was settled down, the minister commenced a tirade of abuse against Joseph Smith and the Mormons. He continued his base stories, and I am safe in saying his malicious lies, for about two hours, when I begged to ask him a question which he granted.

I asked, "Were you acquainted with Joseph Smith?"

He answered, "No."

"Well, do you know the stories you have been relating to be true?"

He said, "I believe them to be true."

"Well," I said, "the Jews said Jesus was possessed of a devil, was a seditious person, a wine

bibber, a friend of Publicans and sinners, and other things, and he was worthy of death," and they finally crucified him. But now, all their accusations did not make him so; neither did it change in the least the truths he taught. So with Joseph Smith. We talked until midnight. At last he got very mad and in the morning he went off without his breakfast.

In the afternoon three men came to me and notified me to leave by such a time or take the consequences. I concluded it was better to go. The family had not a word to say, either way, so I went to Galena to my old boarding house at Mr. Lumley's. This was the latter part of the winter.

In the early summer an exhorter came to board at Mr. Lumley's. He was a very excitable man, full of enthusiasm. One day I had been writing a letter to my parents and he asked me if I ever wrote to them on religious matters.

I said, "Yes, and I will read you what I have written in this letter." So I read it and it made him angry with the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

This was our first conversation on religious matters, and it resulted as I expected. He called on Mr. Lumley to turn me out of the house, and because he would not he entered a complaint against him for wilfully and knowingly boarding a "Mormon" by the name of James Bywater.

Well, Mr. Lumley and wife were cited to appear before the Church Tribunal and answer to the charge. Mr. Lumley made the following statement to me: The decision was that we should turn you out of the house or be severed from the church. We made this answer, that we would not do it because

you were an honorable man, truthful and honest, and from our own knowledge a good man.

The exhorter, being foiled in his attempts against me, got very angry, and without a word to his wife went away. After several weeks she received a letter from him. He was in Dubuque, Iowa, requesting her to move there, which she did.

Shortly after I had a visit from the eldest of the sons of the family from whose house I had been driven, through the aid of their Presbyterian minister, saying the family desired me to pay them a visit the next Sunday, and he expressed the family's deep regret that they allowed me to be driven from their home. We now have no minister, for the congregation has driven him away, and the trustees have closed the meeting house and a note has been sent to the synod, saying: "We will have him no longer, and should he be sent back we would not receive him, for he has committed a serious crime."

Well, I accepted the invitation and filled it, and had a good time. The eldest son was married and lived in Galena. The eldest daughter was a dignified lady, intelligent, modest and worthy of admiration. She sent me, through a mutual friend, her desire for my companionship with a view of marriage. Had it not been for our religious difference I should have gladly accepted.

Now, the next boarder of note we had was Mr. William E. McClellen, once one of the Twelve Apostles but now the pretender, as the Prophet Joseph's successor, as Prophet Seer and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was going about preaching these things, and that the Mormons, under the presidency of Brigham

Young, the Lord had rejected, and sent them to dwell in a land of salt, even a desert.

He told me that if I would ask the Lord to make known unto me whether or not He had called him to succeed the Prophet Joseph, that He would answer me; and if you will receive my testimony, and believe me, I will make you my first counselor. I told him that God gave me a testimony that President Brigham Young was the Prophet's successor, and I would not tempt the Lord by asking such a question. But he never let up but pleaded continuously to ask the Lord.

All of my answers were, "No, sir."

Thus weeks grew to months and still the nagging continued, when one day, in absence of mind and without thought, I answered, "I will."

Immediately I saw the error I had committed and felt bad; but after deep meditation, in wrestling with my dilemma, I concluded I would do as I promised. So, on retiring at night, I went before the Lord and in humble prayer I told him all, and prayed him not to charge me with tempting the Lord in carrying out the promise I had made in an unguarded moment, for I did know that his, McClellen's, claim to the presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was not true. Yet, if it pleased him to give me further evidence of it, in the spirit of meekness I would thank him.

Upon retiring to bed I had the following dream: William and I were going to Heaven; we approached a long high ridge nearly perpendicular. Right in front of us, as we neared the ridge, was the mouth of a tunnel, and to the right the plain road ran along the base of the ridge. William said the road led through the tunnel. I certainly thought not, but

it was the plain road leading right along the base of the ridge. He, however, overruled, and we entered the tunnel.

I could not see anything, either before us or on either side, and after traveling awhile I stopped and said, "William, we are on the wrong road, let us turn back." But I was overpersuaded and very reluctantly started on again, but in a short time I stopped again and earnestly implored of him to return, for I knew we were on the wrong road. He, with apparent confidence, declared we were right and hooted away my fears.

I told him that I would no longer yield my judgment, and would not go with him one step further and besought him to return. It was all of no use or avail, so we parted.

I turned about and all that I could see was a small white spot, which I concluded was the entrance of the tunnel. I became quite anxious to make haste, lest it died out and I should be lost. I kept my eyes on it and traveled on, earnestly desiring that it should become more plain. At last my desire was gratified by observing that it was growing larger, and this gave me joy and hope. Every moment it became larger and, after a long time—which had been full of suspense and anxiety—I emerged out of the tunnel. I felt greatly relieved and much pleased.

I immediately started on the road which appeared so clear and plain. After a long time I reached the plain where the slope of the ridge came level with the road. Here the road turned, being then parallel with the road in the tunnel, which lay to the left. My attention was at once called to a city, right in front of me, the distance

I could not determine. The light of the city came, not from the sun, but from the central part of the city, and glorious was that light; while on the left I was conscious of much life and activity, for I could plainly hear a confusion of voices which appeared as pandemonium itself; distasteful, discordant and devoid of every element of harmony or pleasant sound. It was simply horrifying to hear and the whole region darkness itself.

I stood amazed, while gazing upon that beautiful city and listening to the discordant sounds alternately. After my feelings had subsided some, I commenced my journey on the road leading straight to the city. I had taken only a few steps when a man stood before me. I halted; he asked me where I was going; I did not answer, being so surprised and still feeling the effects of wonderment.

I asked him, "What is that city ahead of me?"

He answered, "It is Heaven."

I then asked, "What is the place over there, where darkness and confusion exist?"

He answered, "That is hell."

I exclaimed, "Oh! William E. McClellen has surely gone to hell."

I at once woke up and found myself much agitated, and felt that the Lord had answered my prayer.

CHAPTER XIII

Adamson Blackhurst a partner—Build a house—Fence the lot—Fell ill with fever—Removed to Blackhurst's—Went lumber riding on Mississippi—made Mr. Lumley his trustee—Trudged away to lumber camps—Rest by the wayside—Full recuperation from fever—Rafts soon in full swing—Venture profitable and invigorating—Returned robust and vigorous.

Brother Adamson Blackhurst had taken me in as a partner and we were doing well, and I desired to help him get a fitout to emigrate to Salt Lake. He thought that as we had the privilege of much lumber it would be well to build a dwelling house and at a favorable moment sell. So we bought a lot on the bench north of town (Galena). I paid $110 in gold for it, we fenced it on the east end and south side with a blind fence four feet in height and on the west end and north side with a blind fence six feet high. The lot was 50 feet in width and 120 feet in length from east to west. We had strong posts and rails, with boards put up on end.

Now, this material with the material for a plank walk cost us nothing. It was not marketable and was given to us, and we put it up. The house was put up by contract, but we furnished all the material. We had a cistern to catch the rain water from the roof of the house by conductors and spouts, which was used for culinary purposes as we had no well, nor was there any near by.

After it was completed, Brother Blackhurst moved into it with his family. After due time he settled with me for all cash I had paid for the premises.

In the fall I took the bilious fever and, after remaining at Mr. William Lumley's boarding house for about three weeks, Brother Blackhurst moved me to his house. I was then able to walk by being held steady. All winter I was a sick man, feeble and as pale as death.

Time moved heavily on my hands and I was low spirited. When I got able to walk fairly well, I moved my lodgings to Mr. Lumleys'. During the summer I sent to my brother Robert the six pounds he had handed me while in England, and to the best of my remembrance five pounds to my parents, and at the request of Mr. Lumley I had loaned to one of his friends $300 in cash.

As the spring of 1854 was drawing near, one of the lumber yard owners concluded to go up in the Black river pine forests in Wisconsin and run a raft of several hundred thousand feet of pine lumber, buy it at the mills, raft it, and run it to Galena. I concluded to go along, although I was far from being well.

Steamboats had not commenced to run on the Mississippi river, so we would have to go by land and walk at that. We were about one dozen in number.

Before starting I left all in the hands of Mr. W. Lumley. I made a rude will, which is recorded in an arithmetic book of 1844, in which I directed Mr. Lumley to collect my money, both from Gorwith's Bank and elsewhere, send it to my parents whose address I gave, and all my personal effects contained in my trunk were for Mr. Lumley, in case I never returned again.

We started rather late in the morning for the pine forests of Black river, Fox county. Wisconsin.

The day was fine and we trudged along. On the second day we reached Prairie Duchine just after midday. It is situated a mile or two above the mouth of the Wisconsin river, where it empties into the Mississippi. We went to a hotel and ordered dinner. I was very tired and lay down on a lounge. The rest went out to look around. Perhaps rest to me was sweeter than at any previous time in my life that I could call to mind. All hands were ready for dinner when called.

I strongly wished in my heart to lay over till next day, but said nothing. After dinner was over someone proposed that we remain over night, which was agreed to by Mr. James Buchanan, the boss.

I at once lay down on the lounge; rest to me was so sweet. All the rest went out. About 5 o'clock P.M. I left the hotel, feeling much rested and refreshed. My limbs were free from aches and pains. I went down to the mouth of the river and wandered along the Mississippi east side, enjoying myself very much. We had supper and retired to bed in good season, and in the morning I arose a new man, strong and free from the lingering effects of my recent sickness.

There was no one in the gang more robust and hearty than myself. I bore the rest of the journey well, never knowing any tired feeling or losing one meal.

Arriving in the pine forest we commenced rafting at once, and when we had got our lumber all rafted we started down Blue river, in sections, such as were suitable to navigate. In some places we had to divide into single crib widths and six or seven cribs in length.

Well, we at last got into the Mississippi river. We then coupled all the rafts together, cast loose and got into the main channel of the river, tying up at nights and running days, arriving at Galena some time in May, having had a safe and prosperous trip; no lives were lost.

The business is full of adventure and exposure. Often wet from storms and duckings in the rivers. It is wild and fascinating, running the rapids through chutes and over dams, and is dangerous and exciting.

Well, my friends scarcely knew me. The pale and sickly looks were gone and I was fat, robust and weather-beaten.

CHAPTER XIV

Sells house in Galena — Blackhurst proposes going to Iowa on farm—I preferred Salt Lake Valley and the Saints—Blackhurst offer one year —Not accepted—Sent $80.00 to folks in England—Set chair for me Christmas Dinner—Think and speak kindly of me.

While I was absent, Brother Adamson Blackhurst had sold the house which we had built for the purpose of raising a fitout to go to Salt Lake. He sold it for $625. It was then he settled with me for the money I had put in the house and lot. He had moved down to town and before I knew that he was parting with his money it was nearly all gone. One day he took me into the loft of his rented home and there showed me goods and things to the amount of three or four hundred dollars.

I was not only annoyed, but greatly grieved. He told me that he intended going up into Iowa, where he had been during the early part of winter. The score or more steel traps, which he had bought, were for trapping beaver and other fur-bearing animals; and he wished me to go with him, buy up some young stock, calves and yearlings, and thus make a raise and a good fitout, then go to Salt Lake.

My answer was no; for I had promised myself to start for Utah, in the spring of 1855, and should not deviate from it. I am very sorry for what you have done, it was through God's blessings we were able to build the house, and for the express purpose of raising means to carry you and family to Utah. "Adam, you have done wrong."

I was very sorry over his conduct, but after

awhile, I concluded to help him, so one day I had a long talk with him. He told me that his wife was very much opposed to going, for she could not countenence the doctrine of plurality of wives, and he hoped kindness and time would work a change in her.

I then made him the following offer, first saying, that in the following spring of 1855, I should certainly start for the Salt Lake Valley if alive, and I would furnish him five-hundred dollars to purchase a team and fit out; but if that was not sufficient, I would raise it to seven hundred, and on arriving in the valley, I would help him to take up a farm, and start it; and then for him to help me settle on a farm.

Now, this offer, I will hold good, until a certain time in the fall, I forget the date, and at that time give me a final answer.

During the interval, he moved a few miles west, say about three, near the Mississippi River, on land owned by a gentlemen of Galena. A portion was farming, and a portion timber land. He allowed Brother Adam a percentage, for all the cord wood he sold, and a certain price for every cord he cut. After moving, Adam was generally late to work, and would quit early, but I always gave him one-half of what was made on every raft, including the proceeds made from hired hands, and we had, generally, from six to twelve hands at a time.

When the day arrived, to give me an answer to my offer, he was true by calling my attention to it and, saying he would answer me. His answer was that he could not accept it, but begged of me to go up with him into Iowa, because the facilities to make an outfit were so good. I would not pay any attention to it, but told him, I would never make

him such an offer again. I have much to relate about him, later on, that is sorrowful and bad.

During the fall, I sent to my brother Robert, in England, through Gorwith's Bank of Galena, Illinois, sixteen pounds and one-half sterling, nearly 82 dollars, for presents and also passage money for Miss Hannah Wilkenson, if she would join of her own free will, the Latter-day Saints, and come and join me.

Now, she had much love for me and wrote me very nice letters, and my mother was very fond of her, and plead with me for her. She was pretty, a good singer, and a pure girl, I believe. She was a near neighbor of my mother's. We got acquainted in the winter of '51 and '52, at my mothers, when I was on a visit to my people in England, but we were under no promise or vows. She wrote me that she dare not venture alone, but if I would go after her, she would gladly go to the ends of the earth with me. I concluded not to go.

Summer had now passed and fall was here; so I wrote my brother Robert to put ten pounds in the bank for the benifit of my parents. Use the interest, but let the principle remain in the bank as long as possible, but when circumstances impelled them, to use the principle, do so, and to give my father and my mother one pound and ten shillings each. To my three sisters, and my two brothers, ten shillings each, and the four children I was uncle to, half a crown apiece, and the ten shillings remaining, I wished to be spent in a Christmas Dinner for my father's family, and at the table put a chair for me, and before it on the table, a plate, a knife and fork, and other necessary articles, just the same as if I were there, eat and enjoy yourselves, think and speak, kindly of me.

CHAPTER XV

Visit from Cousin Ben—Sad dilemma of Blackhurst—$100 and you keep your gun—Passage on Mississippi to St. Louis—Meets Erastus Snow—Preparation for trek across plains—Meets again William Wolstenholm—Pause at Mormon Grove.

Well, fall passed and winter came, I remained at Mr. Lumbley's, who kept a good table, and I was quite contented. My cousin Benjamin came down from Wisconsin and worked with me awhile, and we afterwards kept up a correspondence.

During the winter Brother Adam came to see me. Occasionally I visited friends and whiled away the time, bought several ladies' albums as presents to lady friends. Mr. Lumbley gave me a razor, which I still use, in 1903. He often tried to dissuade me from going to Salt Lake. He would say that I should die on the plains and the wolves would eat me. He desired me to go in partnership with him.

As soon as spring opened, I went to see Brother Adam and family and bid them good-bye. I found him poor, he looked as one forsaken. I spent most of the day with him and at last bade him a long farewell.

I felt sorry for him, and his interesting children, and that he should be the slave of an unprincipled woman, though the mother of his children. As the shades of evening commenced to gather over the landscape, I got my horse, saddled him, and then started for Galena.

Next day he visited me and piteously begged me not to go to Salt Lake this year, for he did not know how he would get along without me. He

said. "I have not any bread in the house for my family, and I want you to take this gun and give me six dollars for it."

I said, "I won't give you that small amount, but I will give you one hundred dollars, and you keep your gun." He objected.

I said, "Well, you ask any sum not to exceed one hundred dollars and I will give it to you." He would have no more than six dollars, and I should take the gun. I consented at last and it went that way.

I was prepared to take the first steamboat going down the Mississippi river, and was waiting for the chance, which soon came. I bade my friends, the Lumbleys and Westwicks, good-bye, took cabin passage for St. Louis. Cards in the cabin were in order, and to be genial and sociable I joined in for drinks, which cost me two and one-half dollars. I arrived in St. Louis in due time and went to Brother James Cantwell, with whom I had corresponded.

Apostle Erastus Snow was in charge of the immigration. He asked me to loan him one hundred dollars, which I did. Before we started on the plains he ordained me an Elder in the church. He wished me to take three sisters to the valley—mother, daughter and grandchild. Their names I have forgotten. Also to haul 1000 pounds of books for the Utah Library, all of which I did.

I bought one yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows; one of the cows was giving milk. The sisters bought the wagon. There was one poor, lame sister who had just come from England and her means were exhausted, so I paid Brother Erastus Snow fifty dollars in gold coin for her passage in a church team and thirty-five dollars in tithing.

I had loaned Brother Snow one hundred dollars in gold coin. I applied the foregoing eighty-five dollars as stated, and there was still fifteen dollars due me. I have forgotten how that was settled.

While in St. Louis a company of Saints arrived from England. I went on the levee to see them. There was one brother in the company whose features seemed familiar, but I could not place him. I lingered around and kept looking at him. Finally he smiled at a brother he was talking to, and I then knew him at once. He was William Wolstenholm, who sailed from New Orleans to Liverpool with me in December, 1851.

Our meeting was very cordial; he was the first Mormon I had ever met. The first company left St. Louis the latter part of May, going up the Missouri river to Atchison. I was in that company. We camped about one mile west of the river, and after some days we moved to "Mormon Grove," where we fixed wagons and made every preparation necessary for a journey of three months' duration across the Great Western Plains to the Salt Lake Valley, situated in the fastness of the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER XVI

Exodus June 6, 1855—Organization—Captain Hindley—Death Plum River—Indian Tribes—Abundance of Wild Game—Fort Kearney—Platte River—Bagged Four Buffaloes—View of Salt Lake Valley—Camped Union Square, September 3, 1855—Thankful for Safety and Health.

On the sixth day of June, 1855, we started, forty-six wagons in number and about seventy able bodied men, besides women and children total 206 souls. We had 294 animals, consisting of horses, mules, oxen and cows. We were organized with one chief captain and two counselors, and a captain over every ten wagons. Our company was an independent one. John Hindley was the name of the captain. The bands of the first tribe of Indians we passed were the Pawnees. Once a powerful people, but now reduced to a small band, who had been decimated by its many wars with the Sioux, a very powerful and warlike tribe.

On the Plum river June 8, we buried a brother who died of the cholera. Upon arriving at Fort Kearney, some 300 miles on our way, we received orders to go into camp and wait further orders, as the Pawnee and Cheyenne tribes were at war. A few officers of the Fort visited us several times, as our camp lay on the Platte river bottoms.

While we lay there quite a number of Cheyennes passed. We saw none of the Pawnee warriors. After remaining in camp about two weeks, we broke camp and moved on. At various times we saw herds of buffalo, deer, elk and antelope, and we shot a buffalo from time to time. One day we came

across a large herd that was grazing on both sides of the road. Heading for the south, we drove right through the midst of the herd. Neither they nor our animals seemed to take any notice of each other, for which I was very thankful.

I was a little afraid of a stampede, which, had one occurred, our animals would have become unmanageable and the consequences might have become very disastrous. We went into camp a short distance ahead, and then several went back and shot four buffaloes.

We remained in camp several days preparing the meat for future use. We passed through alkali lands, gathered a lot of soda from several ponds or small alkali lakes. Passed Fort Laramie, the Black Hills, and on to Sweetwater, Rock Springs, Green River, Fort Bridger and Bear River; then entered the Rockies, down through Echo Canyon, crossed the Weber River, up and over the Big and Little Mountains, down Emigration Canyon, and upon emerging therefrom we got the first view of Salt Lake and its Valley. We crossed the bench and on to Great Salt Lake City, and went into camp on Union Square, the present site of West High School, the third day of September, 1855, thankful to reach our journey's end in safety and good health.

CHAPTER XVII

Many came to visit the new arrivals—Acquaintance develops—Joins them for Box Elder—Partnerships formed — Manufacture of adobes — Secured lots 4, 5 and 6, Block 27, Plat A Brigham City Survey—Father Watkins' adobe yard—Erected adobe house—1855-6 known as the hard winter —Metcalf—Reeder—Bywater—three of my four animals perished—Wheat $3.00 per bushel—Hides exchanged for implements—At Kaysward stuffed on bread—Over-eating caused illness—Lorenzo Snow.

In reviewing over in memory the journey and its incidents, time has clothed it with a fascinating charm. We were soon visited by many of the Saints from the City, and many from the surrounding settlements, who had come in to meet friends and relatives. There was but one among all the number that I could recognize in any way, yet I could not tell where I had seen the person before, but I was confident of the fact, so at last I spoke to him, and it turned out that I had seen him in the meetings of the Saints at Leeds, for he was a member of the Leeds Branch at the time. He was married and was ready to move up to Box Elder in company with a brother of his wife's and locate there.

I joined with them, and about the 20th of the month we started. On arriving at what now is Brigham City, we secured three city lots of half an acre each; viz.: lots 4, 5, and 6, in Block 27, Plat A Brigham City survey. We rented an adobe yard of Father Watkins, paying him one-sixteenth of all the adobes we made. Now one of us was an adobe maker and his brother-in-law and I prepared the clay, and we soon had several thousand adobes.

We formed a partnership and we agreed to build a house during the fall, and in the following year of 1856 build two more small dwellings, making in all one for each. All to be the same size, namely, 12 feet wide by 24 feet in length, and one story high and to have two rooms in each. The first house was to be for Brother Anthony Metcalf and family, the second for his brother-in-law, Brother George Reeder, and the third one for myself, James Bywater.

We built one on lot 5 for Brother Metcalf, hauling rock and such timber as was needed from the mountains; put on a willow and sod roof; had no floor but the bare ground. We all lived there during the winter of 1855, which is known as the hard winter. Brother Reeder's cow got mired in a spring hole on Bishop Eli H. Pierce's land west of the city. We had to kill her and, being without provisions, we ate her. We got from the mountains just north of the city several hundred cedar posts from seven to eight feet in length. We dragged them down by hand and put them in piles. On returning home at night we took bundles of dry cedar home to burn, carrying it from two to four miles.

During much of the winter we traveled the range on foot, in search of the carcasses of animals that had perished through cold and hunger, or that had drowned in the slough which lay midway between Bear River and the city. There was considerable stock scattered over the range wintering, owned by parties living in Weber and Davis counties, south of Box Elder.

Snow was very deep, from one foot to one foot and a half. All streams were frozen over. Cattle would get on the ice in groups, and as soon as water would

begin to ooze up through cracks in the ice, the cattle would struggle to it, resulting generally in the ice breaking and some of the animals would get in and drown. We would skin them and pack home as much of the meat as we could, besides the hides. A number of the settlers were in the same condition as ourselves. Three of my animals perished, and in the early spring of 1856 I sold the fourth and bought wheat for the money, paying three dollars a bushel.

During the winter we had secured a number of hides. We took them down to Salt Lake City and sold them and bought farming implements. We left my wheat at the Weber Mills to get ground. On our way back I met at Kaysward a party who crossed the plains in the same company with us. I got at her place all the bread I could eat, a chance which I had not had for months, and I knew not when to stop eating and it nearly killed me. We camped that night at the foot of the Sandridge, but I could not sleep one wink for pain in my stomach.

Next day we called at the Weber Mills and got the flour from my wheat, and all day I was a very sick man. We stopped overnight at North Ogden with friends of Brother William Morgan, who was along, and I told the folk to use as much flour as they wished to, but I could not eat anything. The people of the house were without bread and were glad for the flour I gave them. The next morning we bade them good-bye and started for home, which we reached in the evening.

I was quite sick for about two weeks, doing what Work I was able to do, in company with Brothers Reeder and Metcalf, and continued so all summer. We did ditching and fencing for Bishop E. H. Pierce, receiving in pay fifty-two acres of land. We made

First Bywater home built in 1856.
This picture taken in 1891.

adobes, gathered building material, fenced our city lots, and did much labor for the public; getting out timber; making canyon roads; made and donated thousands of adobes for the Public Hall; made water ditches, and did much fencing in the big field; made eighty rods of fence on the west line of forty acres

of land given to Apostle Lorenzo Snow in the Big Field.

We dug two ditches, one three and one-half feet wide at the top and two and one-half feet deep; the other was three feet wide at the top and two and one-half feet deep, with three feet of space between them. The sod and dirt were put in shape on the space between the two ditches. We then put on the top a cedar post and pole fence. Posts one rod apart were double, three holes in each with one and a quarter inch wood pins to hold up the poles. The poles we got out of the mountains, the cedar posts we got from the mountain sides from two to four miles north of Brigham City. We got from two to three thousand posts and poles; for fencing in the Big Field we got land.

In the fall we built a house for Brother Reeder, and later on, before winter set in, built one for me. We had much meat on hand from animals that had perished during the winter. When spring opened it turned bad and we lost it. We then turned to digging wild roots, chiefly segos, and as soon as pig weed was large enough we gathered that, also thistle roots; and ate the soft end of bulrushes. We had no bread. We passed through a very hard time, indeed, but did not murmur, and were blessed with good health and contented minds.

CHAPTER XVIII

Words of thanksgiving—A heavy falling away—U. S. Army—Saints organize—July 28, 1857, I married Maria Thomas—Appointed County Clerk—Recorder, Notary Public—Nauvoo Legion—Colonel Loveland, Adjutant James Bywater—General Chauncey West—Ordered to Bear Lake—Returned by Malad—Ordered to Echo Canyon—Trenched in—Returned home December—Mountain Meadow Massacre occurred—Local Indians become hostile—Dr. Kane arrives for peace—Peace councils held—Are advised to vacate—The move south—Fifty rear guard—Lizzie born Salt Lake, home of G. G. Bywater, May 6, 1858—I arrived for event—Return to Brigham.

The foregoing is a feeble effort to present the real conditions which existed in the summer of 1856, and this day I thank my Redeemer that he heard my prayers and gave me faith and integrity of heart, to bear the trials and sacrifices, and the great amount of work I did without a murmur or complaint. I give to him the praise and glory.

In the early part of the winter we settled up our affairs amicably. I rented my house and went and boarded with Brother Richard Lowe. During the spring of 1857 we agreed to work in company, farm our lands, and share the proceeds of our labors.

Many Saints had become weary of the hardships and trials we had endured, sold out their possessions, left the valleys of Ephraim, and went back to Babylon. I mourned over it, and among the number I had special friends, some of whom in after years returned, but were never the same in spirit as before.

The summer of 1857 was an eventful one. The United States sent an army of several thousand

strong. We had timely warning and went into drilling.

On the 28th of July I married Maria Thomas, daughter of Wm. H. and Ann Thomas, who was born February 4, 1841, Winrow Parish, South Wales.

During the summer I was appointed county clerk, recorder and a notary public. A battalion of the Nauvoo Legion was organized in Box Elder county. Chester Loveland was appointed Colonel, and I was made Adjutant. We and the Weber Company troops formed a regiment, with General Chancy West commanding. In the early part of September we received orders to march into the Bear Lake country, to intercept the cavalry of General Johnson's army, who had started down the Bear river from Ham's fork in Wyoming, where the main body of the troops were camped, to enter Utah on the north. We passed through Cache Valley and into Marsh Valley, Idaho, heading for Soda Springs. Here a carrier arrived with orders for us to return, as the United States cavalry had returned to the camp on Ham's fork. We returned by way of the Malad Valley and Oregon Springs.

Brother Richard Lowe had not been out at all and this was my second expedition. He had got the harvesting done and the wheat in the stack. We got two men to thresh it. They had only got well started when another call was made for the regiment to march to Echo Canyon.

We organized as quickly as possible, with teams, camp equipage and provisions and such. I went as captain over fifty. We arrived in Echo Canyon in due time. We joined our regiment and formed our camp in a square, and at once went to digging trenches and erecting breastworks, and doing other

Maria Thomas and James Bywater shortly after their marriage

military duties. In the latter part of October deep snows fell, and the United States army went into camp for the winter. We did military duty during November, and in the forepart of December we returned to our homes.

My wife was without food and firewood, our wheat stack was open and partly threshed, but all about spoiled with rains and snows. During the fall the Mountain Meadows Massacre occurred, and over 100 California emigrants were murdered by settlers and Indians, headed by John D. Lee, which was a bloody and cruel affair.

The Indians had become a little hostile and guards were stationed around the city. Most of the people had moved out of the old fort and were putting up buildings on their city lots. We had a busy time during the winter.

Towards spring, Doctor Kane of Philadelphia, a staunch friend of the Mormon people, with several others, arrived from the east, in the interest of peace. Meetings were being held with the United States officials and the leading officials of the church, President Brigham Young and council, members of the apostles' quorum and some others, and we received orders to get ready to vacate our houses and move south; also the people in Salt Lake City as well as the towns and settlements north. It was required of us to put a roof on our Public Hall. We finished the adobe work and put the roof on after most of the people had moved.

A company of fifty men was chosen as a rear guard and was stationed in the city to protect it from the Indinas. I was chosen the captain's adjutant and all the people moved south. My wife went with her folks, and at Brother Geo. G. Bywater's in

Salt Lake City gave birth to her first child, on the night of May 6, 1858. I was present, having arrived in the afternoon. I had been released from the rear guard at Brigham City by Brother G. Smith on the afternoon of the 5th to follow my family south. We went as far as Pond Town (now Salem) in Utah county. I assisted my wife's folks to make a dugout, getting the timber from the mountains east.

Toward the latter part of May seven of us started for Brigham City, the rear guard having left. The Indians were ugly. We arrived in Brigham in about five days. We found every house broken open and its contents strewn about. We made our camp at the Willow Wicki-up on my father-in-law's farm, nearly a mile west of town.

We enjoyed ourselves pretty well for about three weeks, when one day the Indians stole four of father-in-law's cattle, and Captain Evans did not return to camp that night. We thought the Indians had got away with him. We had a guard out all night. He came to camp all right early next morning. A few days later families commenced to arrive from the south, peace having been made and the army formed, Camp Floyd, in Rush Valley, Utah County.

The brethren then started after their families, those who came with me from Pond Town, viz., Father-in-law, Thomas W. Thomas, Fred Thomas, Captain Evans, Thomas Richards and Griffith Thomas. I remained at Brigham, and before they had returned I had obtained from Indian Big Foot the four head of cattle belonging to my father-in-law.

Four of these brethren are now dead. The three alive are T. W. Thomas, Fred Thomas and myself. (Today is Monday, 1st of February, 1904.) The majority of the people returned, but a number sold out and never came back, but went to different parts of the earth. We raised no crops, save hay; times were very bad,no money stirring, and we did much pioneer work. We were poor, and very poorly clad. The Indians were troublesome.

CHAPTER XIX

Ordained a Seventy—Violent wind uncovers Public hall—Flax culture—Business was barter—Horses or mules a rarity—Sorghum introduced—Molasses—Cache Valley filling up—Sublette Indian Massacre—Pocatello and White Beard—Appointed tithing clerk—Produce prices fixed—Modern improvements — Adamson Blackhurst and daughter—Corroborating letter mystery.

On the 31st of January, 1859, the 58th Quorum of Seventies was organized. I was ordained a seventy and appointed clerk of the Quorum. As soon as spring opened I commenced to farm the land jointly owned by George Reeder, Anthony Metcalf and myself. The land joined the townsite on the west.

On the evening of the 19th of May a violent east wind set in, increasing in force, and about midnight it blew the roof off and the gable ends down of our Public Hall, which had cost us so much labor and sacrifice. Nothing further of special interest occurred during the summer. We were attending to our gardens, orchards and farms.

At the session of the Legislature during the following winter, Brigham City was incorporated and Box Elder County organized. The county north was being settled up, and many settled in Brigham from settlements south, quite a number coming from Salt Lake City and Tooele. Cache Valley was being rapidly filled and towns springing up.

The culture of flax was agitated. I fixed up a schutcher and hackle, got a Danish break and dressed flax on shares for parties, and would let out the best of the dressed flax to spin into thread on

shares. I also raised flax, netted and prepared it for hand spinning. Most all the Scandinavian sisters could spin. The finest and best of the flax was spun into thread, which was used in the family; and it was sold at a price of five cents for twenty-five yards, and produce taken in payment. In fact, most all of our business was in barter, labor, stock and produce, in exchange for other things needed. A little money was occasionally obtained from California emigrants, as they passed through our settlement on their way to the land of gold. We also got some clothing in this manner and other things. Up to this time horses and mules were hardly known, for if a person succeeded in obtaining any, they were usually stolen, but we got along with cattle. We made snow roads to the groves of timber in the mountains during the winters, and got out much of it for building purposes. Horses could not have done the work in the deep snows, but cattle did well. About this time sorghum was introduced, which was a great acquisition to our living. Mills to squash out the juice were obtained, which was boiled to reduce it into molasses, which was highly relished by us, for sweets we had none; sugar was almost entirely an unknown article for many years. The sorghum cane was raised, molasses made and sold for three dollars a gallon at first, but it fell in price rapidly and settled at seventy-five cents per gallon.

1860 came and went, the climate was gradually becoming more humid, and the mountain streams slowly but surely increasing in volume. Cache Valley was fast settling up and Brigham City was growing. We continued to get out timber and prepare material for the rebuilding of our Public Hall.

1861 passed away and in the fall of 1862 the Smith party of California emigrants was massacred near City Rocks, on the Sublette cutoff between Raft and Wind Rivers, in Idaho. The two most prominent Indians in the perpetration of that awful butchery were Pocatello and White Beard, two most notorious cut throats and self-styled chiefs. Only two of the Smith company escaped, a young man and woman. The young man spent a portion of the winter in Brigham City and in the spring returned to his former home in the East.

Pocatello came in with several scalps to his waist and in his possession lots of gold coin. The squaws had white women's clothing on. We were powerless to do anything in the matter.

In the early part of the winter I was called to act as clerk in the Tithing Office at Brigham City for the Saints of Box Elder County at a salary of $500 a year, and to allow tithing office prices for all produce received. Wheat two dollars per bushel, potatoes seventy-five cents per bushel, hay eight dollars per ton. I was County Recorder, which brought me in some little money. The Montana mines were growing in importance and gold bullion was beginning to be more plentiful, and all kinds of produce were in demand at a good price.

The people were rapidly surrounding themselves with many comforts, such as cooking stoves, better furniture, clothing, and fixing themselves up more comfortable, doing away with the old fireplaces, fire dogs, skillets and adobe ovens. During these prosperous times I bought several pieces of land, which I still own. The years 1863, '64 and '65 passed thus away.

In the summer of 1866 the eldest daughter of

Adamson Blackhurst came to my house. She was from Denver, Colorado. She had called at the Tithing Office in Salt Lake City to inquire for me and was directed to Brigham City. She had a male companion with her. They had left their company near Green River and had come through Utah to search for me, having never heard of me since the spring of 1855. Neither had I heard of them. Her father and the rest of the family were in Denver, Colorado, but her parents did not live happily together. She wrote to her father at once, to inform him that I was alive, and gave him my address. She remained with us, that is, my family, for five weeks, then left, going north. I have never heard of her since.

A short time after, I received a letter from her father, Adamson Blackhurst, in which he said that a great change had come over him. He no longer retained a faith in the Scripture records. He stood now on a higher platform, for science had taught him that man existed many thousands of years, before the Scriptural account of man's creation in the Garden of Eden. But, he said, "I don't want to bother with these trivial matters, I have something vastly more important. I am mining for the glittering and substantial substance gold; come and join me and we will get rich." Such in substance was the contents of his letter.

I answered as requested, but declined his invitation. We corresponded until the latter part of the summer of 1869, when one afternoon someone came into my office. I turned in my chair and exclaimed, "Hello, Adam, is that you?" He looked as natural as when I parted with him in the early spring of 1855. He was poorly clad. I took him over to the Co-op store and told him to get what he needed and

I would pay the bill. He only got two or three things and we went to my home. I told him he was welcome to stay as long as he wished, with board and lodging free. He told me of his family troubles, but will not relate them here, only this much: His wife had left him for another man.

Oh, how sad had fallen his lot. All because he bowed to the rule and will of a wicked woman, instead of the will of God; or, in other words, for a woman he sacrificed his religion and broke his sacred covenants with God. During the fall, and some part of the winter, he worked on the R. R. grade. During the year 1870 he rented a portion of my farm, raising grain and vegetables, which he sold to the people of Corinne. Before the year passed away he commenced to find fault and that, too, without cause.

I think in the fall of 1871, at dinner, he said: I was a very stingy man, stinting my family to a few pounds of sugar, a few pounds of meat, a pound of tea, etc. I ought to order sugar by the sack, beef by the quarter, tea by the caddy, etc. I was grieved at him and told him he had acted the hypocrite. That he had secretly sought to poison the minds of my family, against certain principles of my religion. That he had trampled into the dust my kindness and hospitality. I recounted over what I had done for him at Galena and also since he had come to Utah. I told him he was false, that in the first letter he wrote to me from Denver he informed me that he had abandoned his religious views.

He denied my statements, but, on going into the kitchen, there lay a letter on the floor. I picked it up and it proved to be the very letter. I read it to him. Now, I did not know the letter was in exist-

ence, for I had not seen it for years. After reading it I put it by, and from that time to this I have not seen it, and what has become of it and how it came to be on the floor at that time I do not know. He left my house shortly after, being angry with me. In 1876, or about that time, I received a letter from him, dated at Fort Collins, Colorado. I answered his letter! we corresponded about two years. His last letter was like the following: "I am poor in health and in the things of this world, but my love for thee is as great as the love of David for Jonathan; and now I will be with thee again very soon, for I shall be on my way to thy home before this letter reaches thee." I have never heard from him since, and I feel convinced he has been sleeping the sleep of death for many long years, as it is now the 18th day of May, 1902.

New Bywater Home built 1871—1872
Picture taken years later.

CHAPTER XX

Builds new home—Rented to John W. Young—Married into polygamy March 10, 1873—Called to England on Mission—Departed October 20, 1873—Steam ship "Oceanic," Liverpool November 12, 1873—Fond greetings in Leeds—Fraternal feast with folks at home—Visits George Harper—Visits mother of R. L. Fishburn—Appointed to Leeds Conference.

In the year 1871 I built a house on lots 4 and 11, Block 10, Plat A, Brigham City Survey, costing from $1500 to $2000, put out fruit trees, and flower beds in front of the house, and rented it to John W. Young for his Philadelphia wife three months in the summer of 1872. At the close of the term I moved my family into it, being the latter part of the summer, and in the fall commenced to look around for another wife. During February I found one. We were both suited and were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, March 10th, 1873.

In the October conference, held in Salt Lake City, I was called by President Brigham Young to go to England on a Mission. I returned home and made preparations. I was set apart in Salt Lake City, October 8th, 1873, by Bros. Wilford Woodruff, Joseph F. Smith and George Q. Cannon. I left Ogden October 20 for New York, and from there started on the steamship "Oceanic," of the White Star Line, for Liverpool, November 1st, and landed in Liverpool on the 12th. I was sick and in bed most of the time while crossing the ocean.

I was appointed by Brother L. J. Herrick to preside over the Leeds Conference. I took the train the same day for Leeds, and went from the R.R. station in Marsh Lane to my brother Robert's. His wife's father answered my knock. I accosted him in

James Bywater — Hanna Marie Jensen
Taken March 10, 1873
C. R. Savage Salt Lake City

a familiar manner and asked him if the folks were at home. He answered me in the negative and asked me who I was. I told him. He cheerfully invited me into the house and told me brother Robert would soon be home.

Not having heard from my father since 1866, a period of seven years, I was very anxious about him and family. I struggled with my feelings and at last, trembling, asked: "Is my father and mother alive?"

To which he answered, "Aye, lad, they are both alive, and thou wilt see them tonight."

His answers made me feel very glad. We conversed upon interesting topics until my brother Robert and wife came in. After pleasant greetings were over, and having had something to eat, we started off for my parents' home, on Holbeck Moor side, in a small brick cottage. It was thought best for me not to go in directly, but walk a short distance past and return. Then go in the house, after mother had been appraised of my presence. A number of the family met me near the door. I went in and received a loving welcome. Tears of joy were shed, and asked: "Are you indeed my son James?"

I answered, "Yes, mother."

"Well," she said, "I have mourned you dead for years, because I dreamed you were dead."

We spent a pleasant evening and I returned to brother Robert's and slept there. On arising in the morning I was dizzy from climatic effects. After breakfast I reported myself to W. H. Hardy, President of the Leeds Conference. We arranged to meet in Bradford the coming Sunday, hold meeting and visit the Saints. After making this arrangement, we parted.

I visited Mary Ann Longbottom, the sister of Sarah Wood. Her hubby John had died several years before, leaving two boys. I was sick in the afternoon. We saw Sister Maria, who was in middling health. James Dunderdale, her husband, had started for America about two weeks before. She had five children, two girls were married.

I then went to Sheepscar Bar, New Leeds, in search of George Harper, a brother of Thomas Harper, of the North Ward, Box Elder Stake.

I found him, delivered the massage of his brother Thomas. From there I went to my mother's. After dinner I lay down on the bed and had a good sleep and sweat. I suffered much from the damp air.

In the afternoon my brother Joseph and I went to Mill Green, to search for the mother of brother R. L. Fishburn of Brigham City. We readily found her and gave her the two sovereigns, a gift from her son Robert. Our road lay along the low fields, where in my boyhood days I had wandered so often, hunting bird nests, gathering wild flowers and bathing in the brook, etc. The remembrance of which was so vivid, my feelings were too much for me as I passed through them.

On the evening of the 15th, Robert and wife, in company with myself, took train for Keighley to visit sister Esther and family. We found them, but they did not know me.

Next morning I took train for Bradford to carry out the arrangement previously made with Brother Hardy. I had a good time visiting among the Saints. I was sick most of the time, very much distressed, dizzy and chilled with the foggy atmosphere. I often called unto the Lord to strengthen me, to bear up under the distressing effects of the atmosphere. I

visited Clayton and Birkenshaw branches; returned to Leeds. I visited my old companion, John Brown and family, and a number of other old friends, some of whom did not recognze me, but I knew at first sight the greater number of them. A few I did not recognize.

My road through the conference was from Leeds to Bradford, ten miles, which I generally walked. From Bradford to Norwood Green, four miles, I walked that. From Bradford to Huddersfield, twelve miles. From Norwood Green to Huddersfield, eight miles. From Halifax to Luddenfoot, six miles, and fourteen miles to Walsden in Lancashire.

English Missionary Tin Type 1873-74

CHAPTER XXI

News from Hanna—Requested to meet President Herrick—Secured price on unit of machinery for President Brigham Young—Special visit to Hull Branch—Settled into the work anew—Rose Dale Abbey—Linn and Winn Bush—Cuckoo as companion—Outpouring of soul to God—Visits Harper family—Impaired health brings release—Touching farewells—Homeward journey—Reached Ogden November 5, 1874.

In going the rounds of the conference to hold meetings and attend to necessary business it was in the following order: From Leeds to Bradford, then to Birkenshaw; then Clayton; Norwood Green, Halifax, Mythemryead, Walsden, Huddersfield, Lythwaite, Fartown Green, Kirkhamgate, Streed House, Normanton, Castleford, Pontefract; walked to this place, then took train for Goole. Then took packet on the River Humber for Hull and return by train to Leeds. Then train to York, walk to Welldrake, walk to Malton, walk to Pickering and also to Rose Dale Abbey; then walk back to York and take train for Leeds.

I kept a diary of my labors in the conference and of all money received and disbursed. Of my visits to the Saints, and to all the branches; of meetings held, both special and regular; visits to old friends and my kindred, to ruined castles and abbeys, and general incidents of interest, some of which I will put in my narrative. I had Christmas dinner at my sister Ann's, with mother and nephew, James Ambler from Keighley.

January 19, 1874, I left Leeds on foot to go round the conference, stopped at Bradford first, then Nor-

wood Green, then Halifax, then Lythwaite, then Fartown Green, then Kirkham Gate, arriving there at half-past six on the 22nd. There were three letters for me there; one from my wife Hanna, one from Brother R. L. Fishburn, and one from President Herrick, requesting me to meet him at Bradford as soon as possible.

In the letter from Brother Fishburn I was informed that my wife Hanna had been delivered of her first child, a boy. She had a very hard time, the child was dead, but my wife was doing nicely as possible. I was, nevertheless, anxious, yes troubled, over the condition of my dear wife.

After getting a little bread and water, I walked to Alverthorpe and took first train for Leisterdyke, then walked to Bradford. Upon arriving at Brother Thomas Green's, he informed me that President Herrick had gone to Leeds. I then walked back to Leisterdyke, took last train for Holbeck station, then walked to conference house in Meadow Road. President Herrick had just gone to bed. I went up into the room and saw him and Brother Birch, the President of Manchester Conference.

I was requested to go with Brother Birch to Keighley and obtain one plant of machinery for the manufacturing of worsted and alpaca goods: at 12:45 a.m. I walked to the home of my parents on Holbeck Moor. I was sick and went to bed immediately. I had walked 29 miles that day.

In the morning, 23rd, I saw President Herrick off on the train for Liverpool, and Brother Birch and I took train for Keighley. We arrived there safely and went to my sister Esther's, ate dinner there. Her husband conducted us to Messrs. Smith's Low Moor Machine Works. I handed the letter of introduction

to Messrs. Smith, who made out an estimate of cost of one plant of the named machinery and forwarded by mail the said papers of estimate to President Brigham Young, Salt Lake City, Utah.

After tea, Brother Birch started for Manchester and I for Holbeck. I was full of anxiety for my dear wife and bowed with trouble, which soon began to tell on me. Nevertheless, I kept very busy visiting the branches and holding meetings. I had to make a special trip to the Hull branch, as it had broken up through the unwise conduct of a traveling Elder. I had received a letter from President Jaggers of the branch, also one from the Star Agent, containing charges against this Elder; also their resignations and the breaking up of the branch. I went to Hull immediately, visited many of the Saints and officers, appointed a special meeting, with much labor and preaching, the brethren withdrew their resignations, which were upheld, so the branch got started afresh. I occupied all the time in two meetings. I labored much and on the 17th of February I took train for Leeds, owing to it being a rainy day.

Upon arriving at the conference house in Hunslet, there was a letter from my dear wife Hanna, full of kind words for me, saying that she was getting fully well. It was dated January 26th and was full of good news for me, filling my heart with praise and gratitude to the Lord Omnipotent for his loving care and goodness.

From this time on to the 19th of March I labored very industriously in the northern part of the conference, visiting the branches, holding meetings and visiting the Saints, giving counsel and instructions as the Lord imparted unto me. Holding counsel meetings and writing letters and posting up confer-

ence business; and visiting old friends, which called to my mind and remembrance scenes and incidents of the days of my youth and boyhood.

I will copy from my diary: at 8:16 a.m., I took train at Wellington R. R. station at Leeds for Pickering. We changed cars both at York and Malton; we arrived at Pickering at 11:25 a.m. On our way I noticed several ruins of ancient abbeys and castles. I left Pickering immediately, on foot, for Rose Dale Abbey, ten miles distant. On arriving at the five-mile post my road lay up a valley with high hills on either side. The tops and sides were covered with linn, with here and there a winn bush. Then, turning into Black Moors, the country on either side of Rose Dale Valley is most beautiful. For several miles the valley or dale is very fertile, being farmed and terraced. In width from one-fourth to a mile in extent. I had for company the cuckoo, and it sang its welcome song. There is but one small column of ruins of the once famed abbey left.

After getting something to eat at Sister Cawkwells, I took a walk up the hill and onto the moor. Being the highest altitude in Yorkshire, I could see over the hills and moors far beyond Pickering. Heavy black clouds were being swept just over my head by the strong wind, which blew steadily over the bleak moor. Not a soul being near, I felt lonely, and with thoughts of my situation, loved ones, home and friends, I knelt down on the bleak moor. I thanked God for all friends' blessings, asked for his blessings upon Israel, my loved ones and home, and his blessings to abide continually with me. With a lighter heart, I returned down the hill to Sister Cawkwell's, where I remained all night.

The 20th I bade Sister Cawkwell good-bye with

thanks, and walked to Pickering, where I visited around for three hours, and then took train for Malton and visited Saints there, Sister Ross and son at Norton, walked back to Malton, where I took train for York. I then walked to Wellsdrake, where I had a pleasant time with Brother Beilby and his children. From him I learned of a family of Harpers at Riccall who had a son in Salt Lake.

I walked nine miles out of my way to call on them and found the mother, a brother and sister of Brother Thomas Harper, a personal friend of mine. I ate dinner with his brother Richard and then took train for York. On reachiing there I found that I was three hours ahead of train time for Leeds, so I visited York Minster. I omit here its description and historical sketch as written in my diary.

During my stay in England my health was poor from climatic influence, it being too damp. I was never fully free from cold and was constantly distressed by heavy, chilly atmosphere. I suffered all the time. The Elders advised my return home and charged me with criminal indifference in continuing. They knew my state of health, so at last I yielded and wrote to the Presidency at Liverpool, stating my condition and desire in consequence to return home. On the 28th of September I received an answer from President Joseph F. Smith, releasing me on account of ill health to return home.

I at once commenced preparations to return, posted up all conference and individual accounts, visited relatives, Saints and friends. I had loaned Brother S. Newton of Leeds five pounds, also five pounds to Brother Volney King. I obtained it all before embarking.

The good-bye with my parents was affecting, also with my relatives.

We started from Liverpool on the steamship "Wyoming," eight minutes past 1 p.m. on October 14, 1874. For several days we had nasty weather, the latter half of the voyage was fine. My health was poor. I lay in my bunk for four days before I was able to sit at the table and eat my first meal. I was very weak and unable to assist Brother Fife, who was appointed to take charge of the company, and I was appointed his counselor. We landed at Castle Gardens at 4 p.m. October 27 in New York and left at 5 p.m., and reached Ogden Nov. 5, 1874.

I was met by some of my family. I remained in Ogden a couple of days and then went unto my home, in the city of Brigham. I was thankful to find my family all well. My poor health continued for a year or more before I came to feel myself again, and up to this date I have a lingering cough which is the effect of the damp atmosphere of England.

I was engaged several months in the mercantile department of the cooperative institution of Brigham City.

In July, 1875, my cousin Benjamin, of Wisconsin, visited me. He was the second son of my Uncle George, my father's brother. He had come to Utah to labor in the mines. His brother Charles had come to Utah a number of years before and had made some money and several discoveries in mines, from which he had realized a few thousand dollars, but had lost his health from the effects of the mineral poison. He returned to Wisconsin and died in the military hospital at Milwaukee, and my cousin Ben was killed by an explosion of giant powder in a mine near Wood River, in Idaho.

CHAPTER XXII

September 6 and 17—Esther and Rose Ellen born —September 6, 1877, to High Council of Box Elder Stake—Clerk and Historian—1878 made Probate Clerk and County Recorder, 1858-1873—March 1882 Edmunds Tucker Law Against Polygamy—Arrested July 12, 1887, for polygamy—Bondsman, John Scowcroft—Before the "Grand Jury"—Offers of Clemency—Spunk finally accepted—Sentence and Confinement——Cell mate, Thomas Harper—Dedication of cell—The Tempter—Valiant courage—Manifestation of Deity.

In the month of September, on the 6th and 17th, I had two children born to me, both girls—Esther, the tenth and youngest of my wife Maria's children, and Rose Ellen, the second child of my wife Hanna. In the years 1876, '77 and '78 I worked my farm, having had it rented about 13 years unto different parties; and now, having no employment or income, I turned to my small farm of 21 acres.

At the council meeting held in the Social Hall at Brigham City, in the evening of August 19, 1877, President Brigham Young presiding, proceeded to organize the Box Elder Stake of Zion. I was appointed secretary of said meeting, and a member of the high council; also clerk and historian of the stake.

In the summer of 1878 I was appointed deputy Probate and County Clerk, and again had to leave my farm. At the fall election I was elected to the office of Probate and County Clerk, also to that of County Recorder, which office I had previously held from 1858 to the fall of 1873. In March of 1882 the Edmund-Tucker bill became a law, making polygamy a crime, punishable with a five years'

limit of imprisonment in the penitentiary. For adultery three years' imprisonment and costs. For unlawful cohabitation, living with more than one wife (woman), six months' imprisonment, $300 fine and costs of prosecution. By this bill all polygamists were disfranchised. In consequence of which I was removed from office. On July 12, 1887, I was arrested by deputy U. S. marshalls Steele and Whetstone, put under $1000.00 bond to appear before the grand jury in Ogden, and my wife Hanna was put under $500 bond for fornication. William Horsley was my bondsman.

In November, I was summoned by Deputy Charles Corey to appear before the District Court in Ogden, December 8th. I promised to appear at the time mentioned, and he relied on my promise. On appearing before Judge Henderson the 12th he at once placed me in the hands of a Deputy U. S. Marshall to be held in custody until I furnished bonds in the amount of 2000 dollars to appear before the grand jury, and my bonds of 1000 dollars given in Brigham City were ordered continued. Brother John Scrowcroft went my bonds. He asked me, did I intend to stand trial and not skip my bonds, I answered I would stand trial and not betray his trust in me. Yet, I further said, "If you doubt me, and have the least uneasiness on that account do not go my bonds. I will get bondsmen elsewhere."

He answered, "I do not know you brother Bywater and I am bondsman in several thousands of dollars, but I am satisfied with you, and will go your bonds."

After giving the bonds, I was released, but remained in Ogden several days, before the grand

jury took up my case. I should have to procure fresh bonds, if an indictment was found against me. I called on several friends, one a bishop, but in whom I had little confidence, although in his own praise and estimation he was perfect. I did not think he would go on my bonds, and show me this kindness, but would allow me to be put in jail, until someone else would go my bonds. My conjecture proved true, he made a lame excuse, I felt to pity him. He first professed his willingness, then justifying his refusal, by bungling self contradictions. I thanked him and left. I then went to my esteemed Brother John Scrowcroft and again appealed unto him to go on my bonds, which he readily did.

I appeared before the grand jury and frankly acknowledged my wives and the paternity of the children they had bourne me, and the grand jury on its part brought in a verdict of adultery, and a verdict of unlawful cohabitation against me. My bond of 2000 dollars was then void, and my esteemed friend and Brother John Scrowcroft went on my new bonds of 2000 dollars to appear and stand trial when called on.

I returned home attending to my affairs in peace until the latter part of March 1888, when I was summoned to appear in the District Court at Ogden, Weber County, Utah, May 28th, 1888 at 10:00 A. M.

In company with Brother Thomas Harper, we left our homes for Ogden on the 27th and next day, the 28th, at 10:00 a.m., appeared in court.

The prosecuting attorney made us an offer, that if we would plead guilty to adultery, the indictments of unlawful cohabitations should be dismissed, and the indictments for fornication against our plural

wives also dismissed, and that our sentence should be six months in the penitentary and not more.

We rejected the offer.

We would not plead guilty to adultery, for we were innocent.

Finally the following offer was made. If we would go before the grand jury give evidence of unlawful cohabitation, and plead guilty to the charge before the court, the indictments of adultery and fornication should be dismissed.

We agreed to this.

I was sentenced to the penitentary for a period of six months, and to pay a fine of fifty dollars.

We were taken down to the railroad station, and went by the 4 P. M. train to Salt Lake City, at the depot there were wardens waiting for us, a penitentary Van and armed guards, to convey us to the Penitentary prison to serve out our sentence. Upon our arrival, we were searched, given something to eat, and put in No. 3, bunk house. It should have been named bug house, for bed bugs were there by the multitudes. I slept on the floor as all the bunks were occupied.

After breakfast, next morning, the 29th, we were searched, stripped, and our clothes carefully examined, then dressed in prison garb, weighed, our height taken, color of our eyes and hair, and assigned to cell No. 32, in the middle tier, north side of the cell house, both clean and nice, having just been built.

There were 120 cells, being in six tiers, three tiers on each side, all being the same size, five feet wide and seven feet long. In each cell were a night bucket and two hammocks hanging on one side. All the cells were made of boiler iron,

being securely riveted, plate to plate. The doors were of two inch strips, crossing like lattice work, and strongly riveted.

Brother Harper was my cell mate, and we decided to keep our cell pure and free from polution; so in the evening we arranged that we would dedicate our cell for our home and unto the Lord, and that in our evening and morning devotions, we would alternate every Monday morning.

I being the elder of the two, should take the first, consequently I was mouth in dedicating the cell, and offering evening's devotion for the week, and Brother Harper to be mouth in the mornings. We both felt well and at one bell, we retired to our hammocks. I in the upper one. I was soon in a sound sleep.

I awoke some where between 12:00 Midnight and 2:00 A. M. and found myself under the influence of some strange power, and upon opening my eyes and looking at, and through the lattice like door, I was seized with a dread and horror, at the close and secure manner in which I was held a prisoner, in a small iron cell. I closed my eyes immediately, so powerful was the dread that seized me, and I gradually came to realize that I was bound by a mysterious and unseen power, for I could not move.

I lay on my back, and my arms close by my sides, unable to move them. I made many efforts to call on the Lord but could not. I tried many times but could not speak the name of Jesus, I could not mention it, and finally abandoned the effort for fear I should use improper words, and a great fear came over me. It was shown to me, the strength of my prison, and the power and determination of

the nation to compell me, to own but one of my families, wives, and to put the other away.

Having seen all this and realizing my perfect helplessness, a great desire came over me for liberty and home, and the companionship of my family. The desire became very intense, until it filled my whole being with a glow of consuming power.

At this stage I heard a voice utter these words, "Promise to obey the law, and you shall have your liberty."

I did not answer, but, I called to remembrance, my covenants, the testimony of the truth which God gave me; also my own declarations made from the stand, on two or three occasions, that I would not forsake God's law, to obey man's law, the Lord being my helper.

In the midst of deep reflection I heard the voice again ask, "What do you say? Will you promise to obey the law?"

I gave no answer, but continued in deep meditation. It came to my mind that some brethren had promised, also, some had divorced their first wife, and had married their plural wife by the civil Law; and the voice said unto me that I was no better than they; then I heard the voice, and it said, there was no way to escape save by promising to obey the law, and that if I would not my life would be spent in prison.

I did not answer.

I was then told I must answer. "Promise and you shall live, refuse to promise and you shall die. Now, what do you say?"

I did not answer. It was then said unto me. I heard the voice.

"You must answer or die."

I was deeply impressed that I must give an answer, and I felt assured, without a doubt my life depended upon the answer I gave.

It seemed the supreme moment of my life had come, and that all things pertaining to me hung upon my answer. I gave the following answer.

"Here then let me die, for I will not promise to obey man's law, that is diverse to the law of my God."

I certainly expected to die. I bade good-by to my family, friends, and all earthly things. My life commenced to ebb away. My language fails me to describe my feeling. My strength of mind and body were sensibly leaving me, and it seemed that my spirit was leaving my body. Yea, a moment more and it would be gone. Oh, how near it seemed to be; I cannot describe my feeling as my life was slowly ebbing away.

The last moment, it seemed to me, had come. When a sweet and gentle voice said unto me.

"Call on the Lord."

I responded at once, by asking God in the name of Jesus to help me. Immediately I realized a quiet and peaceful change coming over me. It continued until I was free, and could raise my arms and move.

The change continued both in mind and body until it seemed I could stand in the air; I was so light, and such sweet peace and joy filled my whole being.

While in the midst of this happy state, I felt something come on my head, and it moved gradually down toward my neck, enveloping my head, neck, shoulders and arms, and my entire body. I marvelled greatly at this. I felt it as sensibly as if I was being immersed in water, and I greatly

wondered at it and upon it reaching about my heart and center of my body, I in amazement exclaimed:

"Oh! what it this?"

I received the following answer, by that same still small voice that had told me to call on the Lord.

"It is the Holy Spirit."

It continued to move slowly down my body until my feet and my toes to the very tips were enveloped. Then my bosom commenced to heave and burn within me, which caused me to shed tears of joy. Such sweet joy and peace, the world cannot give.

I lay in such happiness, I cannot write it; neither can my tongue tell it!

While enjoying this happy state, the vision of the Prophet Joseph in the woods and the Father and Son above appeared, also the vision of Moses and Satan tempting him, appeared in succession before my eyes.

Immediately after, notice was given by four bells to arise. The night was past! The morning had come!

CHAPTER XXIII

Manifestation held sacred—Written with pathos—Blessed experience—Corridor orderly—President Cannon arrives—Scripture Reader and expounder—Sunday School held—What is fornication?—Visual classification of adultery—Sixty-third Birthday—Brother Winge—Released Nov. 28, 1888—Anthony Metcalf—No change in relationship with my families—Rearrested June 19, 1889—Plead guilty to unlawful cohabitation—Sentence six months, fine $150.00—Skip suggested— Not even tempted—My word my bond—July 9, incarcerated again.

From the time I had awakened until the morning call of four bells, must have been from two to three hours. I arose, deeply impressed with my night's experience. I did not tell Brother Harper, but was desirous of telling Bishop C. C. Dorius of Ephraim, Sanpete County.

I remarked to him that I had a remarkable circumstance to relate unto him, but I received a plain and decided impression not to do so, and afterwards I told him I could not tell him.

I told no one during my six months' imprisonment, and I have ever been careful in speaking of it; but now I have written it and perhaps when I am dead and sleeping in my grave some of my posterity will read it, and I know that I have written the truth.

My imprisonment was a blessing unto me, and I rejoiced exceedingly in it.

I was appointed a corrodor orderly, its duties and labors I tried to faithfully perform, and the cell house guard, Mr. James Doyle, shook hands with me and said, I had been a faithful man.

President George Q. Cannon came in to serve a sentence of 100 days. Many good things were brought for him, and he very liberally divided with his brethren. He also started a Sunday School, and had a parlor organ brought into the Pen which was used in the school and at regular meetings. Brother Cannon was scripture reader in the school and expounder of the same. One Sunday he read Matt. XIX, "and I say unto you, whosoever shall put away his wife except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery, and whoso marrieth her that is put away, doth commit adultery." He asked the brethren, "What is fornication?"

No one answered. Now, we are serving imprisonment for unlawful cohabitation and our plural wives are charged with fornication. Have you ever read about it, or what is really fornication? Is it not a greater sin than adultery? No one answered. He said, "We will drop this for the present."

I did not know what constituted fornication, but I felt a deep desire and interest to know, and this desire was shared by all the brethren.

Early next morning I commenced to search the scripture and found there was spiritual fornication, also sexual, but I could not see clearly and fully the matter. I was sitting in the cell a few evenings after in a peaceful mood, my arms folded and my eyes shut, when I was startled by something apparently being drawn before me. I opened my eyes and placed my hands upon my head, to feel if it was a shock of the brain. I felt nothing wrong, so I resumed my former position.

There then appeared before me—my eyes being closed—a stage with the curtain drawn up, then a

vision, explaining lasciviousness, then whoredom, then adultery and lastly fornication. I understood it, saying to myself, "Now I know what fornication is, for the Lord has shown it unto me."

The following is the explanation: Spiritual adultery is to make an offering unto an "Idol God," and spiritual fornication is to partake of that which is offered unto an "Idol God." Adultery is sexual intercourse on the part of married folk other than with their legal spouse. Fornication is for either party when married to go astray with a person or persons, whom if they were single it would be unlawful for them to marry.

1st Corinthians, Chapter 5, Verses 1 to 5: It is reported commonly that there is fornication among you, and such fornication among you as is not so much as mentioned among the Gentiles. "That one should have his father's wife."

The 23rd of August was my birthday. It was a pleasant day to me, and I rejoiced greatly at my situation, and I gave thanks unto God to pass it in a prison, for the Law of God. My 63rd birthday.

In the Pen I met brother Winge of Hyrum, Cache Stake, whom I had not seen since 1873, when we parted at the R. R. station in Leeds, Yorkshire, England. We having traveled from Ogden to New York, then across the Atlantic ocean, both of us having been called to missionary work. Brother Winge to labor in Scandinavia, and I to labor in England. We were both sentenced the same day, received similar terms of imprisonment, and were both released on the 28th of November.

I was met at the R. R. station at Ogden by some members of my family, also some relatives from Malad City, Idaho, who informed me that on

Sunday the 24th inst. Anthony Metcalfe had committed suicide by blowing his brains out and was to be buried this day, the 28th of November, 1888. I felt very sad about it, as we were friends and had been neighbors several years, but he had left the church and had committed grievous sins.

On arriving at home I set to work doing all I could to provide for my two families. I visited them, being to my wives a husband and to my children a father, making no change in my associations and giving no heed whatever to the law requiring me to abandon one of my wives.

On June 19th, 1889, J. B. McClellan arrested me and took me before the U. S. commissioner, J. B. Carrington, who placed me under $1000 bonds to appear on the 24th of June before the District Court in Ogden. N. C. Mortensen and John Christensen went on my bonds.

I appeared before the court on the day named, plead guilty to unlawful cohabitation. July 8th was set for day of sentence. I appeared on that day, court was not open, and on the next day, the 9th of July, 1889, at 10 a.m., I appeared before the court for sentence.

Judge Henderson gave me a lecture, saying that my previous imprisonment and penalties had not produced any salutary effect upon me. He passed the following sentence: Six months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of $150, and the cost of prosecution.

United States Deputy Marshal McClellan asked me if I would appear in the courtroom about 20 minutes to 4 p.m. I promised to be there at that time. "All right," he answered, "you can go where you please until that time."

I went to Brother Stevens on 25th street, just east of Brother Mark Lindsay's place, where my valise and bedding were, he having invited me for dinner. After telling him my sentence, and that I promised to return to the courtroom a little before 4 p.m. to be taken down to the penitentiary, he remarked that my bondsmen were now free, and if I choose to skip, I had the chance.

I told him I had given my word to return, and I would not break my promise. After dinner I went about visiting friends. Several parties advised me to skip, but such advice found no favor with me. It was distasteful to me, so at the appointed time I appeared in the courtroom, and that evening, July 9th, I was placed in the penitentiary.

CHAPTER XXIV

Changed sentiment on polygamy—Scoffs of friends endured—Oncoming illness—High fever —James Seller calls—B. H. Roberts, Wm. Maughn administer — Appointed corridor orderly, later trusty—B. H. Roberts scripture reader and expounder—Invited to succeed him—Fear impelled declination — Remorse followed — Albert Jones, Provo, chosen—Scripture made plain—Renewed remorse—Isaac Zundel testifies.

A change had taken place in the feelings of many of the Saints as to how those in plural marriage should act. Many had, and others were, divorcing their first wife and marrying their second, or plural wife, by the civil law of the land, thus avoiding prosecution, and fines, and imprisonment, and some were putting their wives away.

The heads of the church were mostly in hiding, or called on the underground. Some had taken their plural wives and gone away in different directions. Several of my neighbors who did this thing died in their voluntary exile. Some, after being arrested under one pretext and another, effected their escape. Some bribed the officers, and some promised, in court, to obey the law in the future, and live with but one woman as a wife; and many devious ways were carried out to evade arrest, fines, penalties and imprisonment, for observing and keeping their sacred vows and covenants in the Celestial Law of God.

I was shocked at the course that many brethren took, and I trembled lest I should make a false step and break my sacred covenants. Therefore, I resolved in my heart to turn neither to the right nor

left, but to abide in the Law of God, as if there had no adverse law been enacted by the nation.

Many condemned me very severely for taking this course, saying that I was a fool, an idiot, too lazy to work for my family, but would rather go to prison.

The day before I left home to go before the court to be sentenced, the abuse which was heaped upon me proved too much for me; for while listening to one person's recital of accusations, there seemed to drop into my stomach a piece of lead, and it seemed to kill my stomach.

I felt, yea I know, that I should be sick, and I earnestly desired to reach my prison cell before being cast down.

Well, I did so, and passed a very restless night, but in the morning, just as I was starting to return to my cell, after emptying my night bucket, I was seized with faintness and nearly fell down.

I summoned all my power, both mental and physical, to keep on my feet, and remained still, but dare not take a step for several moments least I fall. Finally, I ventured to slowly move one foot. I moved with much care, and placed my bucket in line with others, and at last reached my cell, and at once took to my hammock and was unable to leave it for many days.

In the evening I called my next cellmate, James Sellers, and asked him to get me some water and my night bucket, then close my cell door, for I could not get out of my hammock. He did so. Heavy fever had set in and I was a very sick man. Next morning he came in and wanted to know how I was and what I needed. He was very kind.

During the day he called on Brother B. H.

Roberts and Brother William Maughn, who with one or two others administered unto me. Brother Sellers waited on me very faithfully, and when I commenced to get well, he said: "Brother Bywater, you have borne your sickness very patiently, not a murmur has escaped your lips; it has won my warmest feelings for you."

I said that I knew all the time that I should get well, but I fully realized that I should have a very sick spell, and caused by the unjust remarks of certain men and women concerning my course in the law of plural marriage.

After I got well the cell house guard, Mr. James Doyle, appointed me again a corridor orderly, and shortly afterwards chose me for a trusty. I was appointed to feed and look after the hogs in company with a partner.

Brother B. H. Roberts was the scripture reader and expounder in the Sunday School, and as his time of release came around, Bishop Horn called on me in my cell early one morning and said: "Brother Bywater, you are aware that Brother Roberts is going out, and another will have to be appointed to take his place as scripture reader. I have chosen you from among all the brethren to take his place."

This was quite unexpected on my part, yet I felt flattered by it, but on a moment's reflection I feared to stand before my brethren to read and explain the scripture, so made an excuse and declined the high position.

In answer, he said he considered me the most qualified, and was led after careful thought to choose me, yet if I declined he would choose another. Immediately after he had left I was dis-

satisfied with myself, but it was then too late to go to Brother Horn and say I would accept.

I attended the Sunday School following, and Brother Albert Jones of Provo was occupying the chair of the scripture reader. Following the preliminary service, Brother Jones arose and announced he would read the VI Chapter of I Corinthians. The 12th verse reads: "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any."

After Brother Jones had read the foregoing verse, he stopped and remarked: "I don't know what Paul means, I do not understand this scripture. All things are lawful unto me."

Well, I thought, if I had accepted the call I should have been in the same embarrassed position, for I did not understand it. A great desire came on me to know the meaning of Paul's statement; the desire became intense.

I heard the following spoken to me: "Ask the Lord," and I did so at once.

I bowed my head slightly, closed my eyes and asked God, in the name of Jesus, to give me to know its meaning.

The following was given unto me: I the Lord placed before man good and evil in the Garden of Eden, and said, "It is given unto thee to choose for thyself, but I forbid thee to eat of the Tree of Good and Evil, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

So I understood that all things are lawful unto man, but all things are not expedient, for God gave man his free agency to choose good or evil, and

consequently held him responsible for the deeds done in the body, whether they were good or bad.

Then the following came vividly to my mind: If you had accepted the call made on you by Brother Horn, I would have helped you, even as I have already helped you; but you feared the face of man, instead of fearing the Lord, and notwithstanding this, when you called on me, I heard you and answered your prayer.

At this I felt greatly reproved, and I suffered mentally, being very sorrowful at my conduct, and I mourned at my lack of faith and gratitude to my merciful Creator and Redeemer.

I, however, spoke not a word in the School about it. Neither was the matter explained by anyone in the school, but during the following week, at a time when most of the brethren who were trusties were in the dugout, a place where they gathered after they had performed their duties—Bishop Oldham of Paradise, Cache County, asked me if I understood the meaning of Paul's statement to the Corinthians, which had embarrassed Brother Jones in the Sunday School.

I answered in the affirmative. He straightway called the brethren to attention. I then related what I have just written, upon which Brother Isaac Zundel of the Presidency of the Malad Stake of Zion, remarked, "I testify that the Lord revealed it unto Brother Bywater," and he further said, "Brother Bywater, you will live twenty years longer."

CHAPTER XXV

Gratitude expressed for prison experiences—Released, free man, January 8, 1890—Former family relationships unchanged—Manifesto accepted October 6, 1890—Varied interpretations—The Lord interprets in a dream—Conscious of renewed danger of incarceration—New baby in second family—Visit to Geo. G. Bywater—Presents situation to President Woodruff—Counseled to go to England.

Well, my prison days passed rapidly away, and I certainly rejoiced and was glad. The 23rd of August came and with it my 64th birthday, and my second birthday in a prison for the truth's sake. And these were indeed both happy and joyous days to me, and the blessings and testimonies given unto me are worth more than all the wealth of this proud and ungodly nation, that has cast me into prison twice because of my fidelity to the Lord omnipotent.

My prison days were sweet, and they came to an end on the 8th day of January, 1890. I went out of prison a second time, a free man.

During the winter and summer I made my home with my two families. Each had their own home, both on Second West street, Brigham City, a little over one-fourth of a mile apart. I farmed my land, and one day in June while engaged weeding my onion patch I was hailed by Brother John Halling, a neighbor and an old acquaintance of mine who had been feeble for some time. I raised my head and passed greetings with him as he stood by the north fence.

He told me that his strength was nearly gone, he could only walk a very few steps.

I replied that I also felt the effects of age and was going down the hill of life.

He replied by saying in an earnest manner, "Why, Brother Bywater, you will live twenty years longer."

I answered, "No, sir, I think not; for when twenty years have passed away I shall have been in my grave a few years."

To which he said, 'No, sir, you will live twenty years longer."

I made no further reply, but now, at this writing, I have lived fourteen years and seven months of the twenty years.

Well, during the summer of 1890, I made about $200 improvement at one of my homes. I had a good season. The City Council engaged me to write its municipal history, also to make out deeds from the city to the purchasers of the dry city lots.

On the 10th of October, 1890, my youngest daughter was born, and named Lily Prudence, she being the eighth child of my plural wife.

The manifesto from the President of the Church had been issued, and approved by the people at the general conference in Salt Lake City, October 6th, 1890, forbidding further plural marriages and polygamy.

It aroused much feeling, and various interpretations were entertained concerning the spirit and meaning of the same. Many considered it to abolish the marital relations of plural wives, and some acted on that belief by putting away plural wives and living solely with the first wife; while some

divorced the first wife and then married by the civil law their plural wife.

Some brethren took their plural wives and moved to Mexico, Canada and other parts, leaving the first wife at the old homestead; while others made private agreements, both written and oral, with their first wife for her to get a divorce, and she to receive certain properties and yearly allowance, and to continue cohabitation, he to marry his plural wife, by civil law, and all this to evade and fool the law and escape prosecution and imprisonment.

Yes, and many devious ways were considered in order to escape arrest, fines and imprisonment. My view was that the Manifesto only meant that plural marriages should cease, and did not imply any change in plural families, but they were as sacred as ever, the covenants as binding, both for time and eternity.

I was very sorry at the issuing of the Manifesto, I did not like it. There seemed to me to be too much man in it and too little of God.

I was very desirous of knowing why it was issued. Many plural wives shed tears over it.

Well, I asked the Lord to enable me to understand the Manifesto, and to give me to know why it was issued. I had the following dream in answer to my devout prayers.

In my dream I was asked, had I ever known anyone who bore testimony to the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, who did not also testify that they knew that Joseph Smith was a Prophet.

I meditated for a short time and then answered, "No."

I heard a voice say, "Now, I did give unto my servant Joseph the law of plural marriage."

I was asked, "Have you known anyone who bore testimony that they knew he was a Prophet, yet they rejected the law?"

I again reflected for a short time, and remembered a number of persons, both male and female, whom I knew, had rejected that law and would not comply with it, and they professed they did not believe it. I answered, "Yes."

I then heard a voice saying: "I, the Lord, only work among the children of men according to their faith; now, in the days of Moses, I desired to speak unto the children of Israel, and bring them up to see my glory, but they said, nay, speak unto Moses, so I said they should not enter into my rest, and when I took Moses, I also took the Priesthood."

Again the voice said: "In the meridian of time I came unto my own, but they sought for and desired things they could not understand, and because they desired and sought them, I gave them these things, that they might stumble and fall."

I then awoke from my dream and was quite moved by it, and I pondered over it in my mind and arrived at the following interpretation:

The people had not received the law, as they ought to have done, and when persecution raged they desired something else, and so the Manifesto was given.

I realized that I was in a position to be arrested at any time, and cast into prison for a term of years, because my plural wife had given birth to her eighth child four days after the issuance of the Manifesto.

I was aware that I was getting old and my chances to get genealogies of my ancestors were waning. An opportunity presented itself before me to take a trip to England, my native land, for that purpose.

I went down to Salt Lake City, and Brother George G. Bywater thought I ought to go and seek President Woodruff for counsel. I did so and he advised me to take an independent mission to England, preach the Gospel, get genealogies, and return home when I desired, as I was too old to go as a regular missionary.

CHAPTER XXVI

Set apart special mission—Departed for England November 26, 1890—Felt ill—Danger of typhoid —Sought the Lord—Elder Crane proffers sleeper —Gospel conversations—Sightseeing in New York —December 3, sailed from New York—December 12, touched at Queenstown.

I accepted his counsel, and the same day, being the 21st of November, 1890, I was set apart and blessed in an upper room of the Juvenile Instructor Office, by Apostle Abraham H. Cannon. Next day I returned home, put my affairs in order, and on the 25th returned to Salt Lake City, paid my fare to Liverpool, $65.00, and put in the President's Office $100, and received order No. 424 on Apostle Brigham Young at Liverpool for 20L 12S 4D.

On the 26th I met several Elders at the D & R G depot and started east at 10:20 a.m. We passed in rapid succession the settlements lying between Salt Lake City and Sandy, then over the divide into Utah county, then on and passed Lehi, American Fork, Provo, and on the west Spanish Fork, and through the canyon.

I did not feel well on the 27th, I had a headache and I was nervous and feverish. I had some fear that I was coming down with typhoid fever as the last night I stayed in Salt Lake City, the 26th, I slept in a bed where Brother Christensen had died with typhoid fever about one week before.

I sought the Lord in earnest prayer to bless and help me. I at once felt better. We passed through some wild and weird country. Much pine lands, very tall young pines, and on through Ten-

nessee Pass, Leadville, Arkansas Station, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and on over the prairies of Kansas; a cheerless country, with constant and strong piercing winds blowing.

28th, I felt much better. I had a pleasant chat with an aged man who was fellow passenger and whose name was Morse. He knew the Prophet Joseph Smith and had lived near him in Pennsylvania. He asked about polygamy. I made a few remarks and quoted some scriptural texts, showing of its practice by kings, prophets and rulers in Israel; friends of God and children of Promise.

We reached Kansas City at 7:15 p.m. and at 8:00 p.m. we were off for Chicago, 458 miles. We crossed the Missouri and went to bed.

29th, at half-past 1:00 a.m., we crossed the Mississippi river, and reached Chicago before noon, got tickets for New York.

Elder Crane paid $1.50 for me to go in a sleeper. We started at 3:30 p.m. for New York, 9:00 p.m. we went to bed.

30th, I was well. the wind blew all day. We had concluded not to go by Niagara Falls, lest we miss the steamship Wisconsin for Liverpool. I paid $1.25 more for a sleeper and went to bed early. We arrived at New Jersey about 1:00 a.m., but remained in bed until daylight.

December 1st, after washing and dressing, we crossed the river to New York. It was very cold and windy. We put up at Smith and McNeils hotel, I took room 217. Afterwards we went to pier 38, then to the office of the steamship company, where we learned the ship would not sail until Wednesday the third. They paid me one dollar for the day's detention.

I went about sightseeing, to Castle Gardens, Brooklyn Bridge, and I got tired and went to bed at 8:00 p.m. On the 2nd I visited Central Park and returned in the afternoon. Some criminal tricks were attempted to be played upon us, but we were delivered. I wrote home, mailed letters, and then to bed.

3rd, after breakfast, at 9:00 a.m. I went on board and at 10:10 a.m. cut loose and started for Liverpool. The wind was dead ahead and a snow storm was prevailing. After dinner the wind freshened. The ship was soon rolling and many passengers were seasick.

I had no supper, rough weather, high seas, waves broke over the ship, and rain at times up to the 11th of the month. On the 12th all hands were looking for land. Next day land came in sight and passengers for Queenstown were soon getting ready to land. Baggage and mail bags were gotten from the hold.

Shades of evening had closed over us, fire signals from the ship were answered from the shore. At 7:00 p.m. a revenue cutter came alongside. The ship had been brought to a stand; the passengers and mail were put on board, and as the revenue cutter parted with us for Queenstown, hurrahs arose from the passengers.

CHAPTER XXVII

Docked at Liverpool, December 13, 1890—Went to 42 Islington Street—Attended meeting at Birkenhead—Visits Sister Esther, Keighley—Meets all the folks and friends—Robert and the kite incident—Love of brothers.

On the morning of the 13th all on board were busy getting ready to land in Liverpool. At 3:00 p.m. we cast anchor in the Mercy river and were taken off ship by a revenue cutter, taken to the landing of the custom house, which we passed through all right, and took a conveyance to Stewarts Hotel, next door to 42 Eslington, Liverpool.

We remained at the hotel over night. On the 14th attended meeting at 11:30 a.m. in Queens Hall, Birkenhead. There were present sixteen from Utah and nine native Saints, twenty-five in all. We held another meeting in the same hall in the evening at 6:30 p.m. There were present 13 from Utah and six from Liverpool Branch, 19 in all.

15th, I paid my hotel bill, and at 2 p.m. I started on train for Keighley, arrived safely, and found my dear sister Esther and family all well.

I enjoyed myself very much with them until the 17th, when I went to Leeds, visited my niece, Sarah Ellen Ambler Longbottom. Then to brother Robert's, who was living close by. We embraced and kissed, and spent a splendid evening and agreed to go to Holbeck cemetery and visit the graves of father and mother and others of the family the next day.

I now saw that a much desired opportunity was near at hand for me to settle a wrong which I

had done him 55 years before, and which had caused me some regret for the past 15 years, and the chance to settle it, being so near, worked quite powerfully upon me.

The story of my wrong is this: My brother Robert had a kite that Uncle John had made him, and I loved to see a kite fly and also to fly one, and for weeks I longed to borrow the kite, but I did not like to ask him to loan me it.

But time wore away the keen edge of my diffidence, and one day I mustered courage and I asked him, making him a faithful promise that if I lost it or got it destroyed I would pay him for it. The price agreed on was two pence and half-penny, being equal to five cents; for that amount we could get a nice one out of the store that would last a season with care, barring accidents.

Now, the sequel was that Mr. Thomas Robinson's son got it from me in the field, and I felt very bad and so did my brother. I told him I would pay him some time.

Years rolled on and it was never mentioned. We grew up to manhood and in 1848, in the month of August, I left my native land and sailed from Liverpool for New York and America.

In December, 1851, I sailed from New Orleans for Liverpool, to pay a visit to my parents and kindred. I started to return to America the following April. Again in the fall of 1873 I went to England and mingled with my people, returning home to America in the fall of 1874, and this kite business was never mentioned.

But after I had been home about one year the circumstance came very vividly to my mind, and I felt very sorry that I had thus wronged my brother,

and from that time on I often felt sad over the circumstances.

Yes, many hours of sadness I have experienced over my unjust act in this matter. I considered I had acted wickedly and wished for an opportunity to make amends.

When it was settled that I should take a mission to England, that matter was almost the first one before my mind. So I considered it very carefully, and came to the conclusion that I ought to pay him interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum and compound it every ten years; and I found that in 55 years the five cents reached the sum of $2.40.

I certainly felt happy and satisfied to pay it, thinking it just and right. So next morning, the 18th of December, after eating breakfast, I walked over to brother Robert's. We walked to Briggate, in Leeds, and there took the omnibus for the foot of Beaston Hill, on Dewsberry Road; from there we walked up the hill to the cemetery, somewhat over half a mile.

As we leisurely ascended the hill, I concluded the long desired moment had come, and with a fluttering heart and a tremulous voice I accosted my brother Robert thus:

"There is a matter which I desire to call your attention to, that has for many years troubled me, and I am so thankful that the time has arrived that affords me the opportunity to make amends and pay you that which I justly owe you."

"Do you remember, brother Robert, that when we were lads together I borrowed of you a kite, and promised you that if I lost it I would pay you two pence ha penny?"

He answered, "Yes."

"Well," I said, "I never did, but now I am going to pay you it, with interest at ten per cent per annum, with compounding the interest every ten years."

I asked, "Do you think that is right?"

He answered, "My dear brother James, I will not take one penny, for you have settled that many times over by sending from America the many sovereigns to our dear parents during the 42 years you have lived in that land and among its people."

I objected and said, "For my own peace of mind and to satisfy justice I want you to take it, for it will please me so much to know that I have done right in the matter."

He answered, "James, you owe me nothing, you have paid it over and over again and I will not accept one penny. I am perfectly satisfied, justice is satisfied, it is all right forever," and so it was finally settled.

I greatly rejoiced over it and can say that I have ever since been content.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Visit in Cemetery, Beason Hill—Paternal and fraternal gratitude—Met the Missionaries—Assigned to Keighley—Well received by Sister Esther and family—Nephew James Ambler presents me coat—Gold ring from Esther.

Upon arriving at the cemetery we went straight to our dear parents' graves, and pointing them out, Robert said, "There sleeps our dear parents."

I immediately dropped on my knees, took off my hat and wept deeply, shedding many tears at the foot of their graves.

Robert turned and walked off a little distance.

After awhile my grief subsided and I joined Robert.

We left the home of the dead and we called to see our sister Ann, who was the youngest of the children. She was not affected at our meeting.

We also called to see our sister Maria, the oldest of the children. She embraced and kissed me.

We then visited other members of the family, including a number of old friends. We entered a restaurant in Briggate and ate lunch together, then on to my niece, Sarah Ellen, where I stayed over night.

In the morning I went to see brother Robert about getting some evergreens to put on the graves, I to pay my share. He would not suffer me to pay, he bore the expense.

I then went to the conference house at Armley and met President Evans of the Leeds Conference, and Elders Woodbury, Haycock, Burton and Bean,

traveling Elders. I was appointed to labor at Keighley and neighborhood.

I went to Clayton with Brother Woodbury, afterward to Pudsay and Leeds. I saw at Clayton sister Kershaw's mother and sisters, and on the 24th I walked to Keighley. I called to see brother James Marshall and family at Wilsden and had a nice time. His wife is not in the church. She is in poor health. I bade them good-day after dinner, and on to Keighley. The country passed through is very pleasing.

I was very kindly received at Keighley by my sister Esther and family, with whom I spent Christmas evening, also with some friends, Samuel Taylor, Samuel Holmes, and their families, eating and drinking, and was entertained by songs, recitations, stories and talks on politics.

I had walked fourteen miles. I went to bed at Esther's at 4:00 o'clock a.m. I got up at 10:45 a.m. feeling very well. I realized it was Christmas day in "Old England," the land of my birth.

My nephew, James Ambler, gave me an overcoat, watch chain, also cleaned my watch; sister Esther put on one of my fingers of my left hand a fine gold ring. I had a real pleasant time, listening to songs, recitations, one piece by Joseph M. Rooke, my grand-nephew, on Uncle James going to America. At 12 midnight I went to bed at sister Esther's.

During the holidays I had a very nice time. All the family treated me so kindly, I hope to remember it forever. I let New Year's in at sister Esther's, she gave me a shilling. This was my sixty-sixth New Year's day, and I spent it, with a portion of my kindred, near the home of my childhood.

During a good portion of the month of January I was sick with a severe cold and bronchitis, often losing my breath temporarily, causing me much distress, sweating at every pore for the want of breath.

I was very sick and much distressed by climatic influence. When able I was about, visiting, delivering tracts, holding gospel conversations, traveling about Keighley, Welsden, Steeton, Clayton, Exley Head, Armley, Leeds and Holbeck, visiting old friends and kindred, making new acquaintances and gathering genealogies.

I bought Morley Church Register, visited J. Horsfall Turner of Idle on 27th of April, publisher of Antequarian and Genealogical literature, where I had a pleasant and profitable interview.

I bought the Nonconformist Genealogical Register and three volumes of Calvary Church Register. I also got from him the address of W. M. Bywater, No. 5 Hanover Square W. of London, to whom I wrote on the 30th of April.

After excusing the liberty I took in introducing myself, I informed him I was from America, on a mission, getting up genealogies of the Bywater family, that I was born in Holbeck, Yorkshire, and had gone to America in 1848; that none of my family had seen any of my people, and I was anxious to leave them a record of my kindred when I should leave them, and I would be greatly pleased for any assistance he could render me in the matter.

He answered my letter in a very nice and kind way. He was born in Yorkshire at Tucton Hall, near Tadcaster, and his ancestors for many generations back.

We continued to correspond while I remained in England and up to the present time, 1903. I will write more about him later.

CHAPTER XXIX

Health continues poor—Visits Rev. Cookson for Genealogy — Delicate physical condition — By-water Genealogy from 1717-1800 secured—Continued visits and farewells—Esther presents gold ring for Hanna—Final farewell to loved ones and Leeds, June 5, 1891.

My health through the month of May was poor. In the latter part I was very sick with bronchitis. I became very anxious over my condition and I often administered unto myself. I realized my situation was rather alarming. My people and I were troubled, because I could not get around and search for my kindred's genealogies.

I had visited the Rev. O. Cookson, vicar of Holbeck church, and he had kindly promised me that he would aid me in getting names from the Holbeck Church Registry at some future time, but was then busy in getting ready for the Sunday School feast to be held at Easter time.

As I had been released to return home in the early part of June, and May was drawing to a close, and being unable to leave my bed, I was indeed troubled.

On the morning of May 27th, Sister Esther came to my room and asked me if I could manage to leave my bed and go to Leeds, as we had previously arranged. I was very sick and piteously begged my dear sister to bear with me, for I could not go. She looked sad, and after she had left the room I thought of her kindness, and realized her great desire for us to go to Leeds and spend a day with brother Robert, sisters Maria and Ann.

I resolved to make a strong effort. I got up, but before I made a move to dress I lay down again for a few moments.

I then got up again and succeeded in dressing and went down stairs and told Esther I would try and go to Leeds. We immediately got ready and in a very short time were on our way to the railroad station to take the train for Leeds. I could only walk a short distance, then rest, being in pain and both faint and weak. We arrived at the depot in time, I covering my head and face from the cold.

We started for Leeds at 12:10 p.m. I was indeed a sick man. On arriving at Leeds we put up at Sarah Ellen's, one of Esther's daughters, in Herbert street, Oatland Road. I went to bed at 1:30 p.m. and got up at 6:00 p.m., feeling much refreshed. I slept there that night, the 27th. I had a bad night.

28th, we took the train to sister Ann's. I was weak and sick, I lay on the sofa, sister Ann gave me a dose of rhubarb and magnesia. I felt better, visited kindred all day, had a bad night.

29th, Robert and I took the tram for Briggate, then to Holbeck, then to the vicarage on the Moor side. The vicar was not in, but found him in the church vestry. After a friendly greeting, he got the Church Register and called off all the births and deaths of the Bywaters from 1717 to 1800.

I secured 78 names, going back to the birth of my second great-grandfather, Joseph, born May 2, 1723, the son of Joshua Bywater, my third great-grandfather. I was much exhausted and had great pain in my back. I could not bear to write any more names.

I asked his Reverence what my bill was.

He replied, "Mr. Bywater, if I should charge you the regular fee, it would amount to several sovereigns, but as this is a labor of love on your part, if you pay me five shillings it will be all right."

I joyfully paid him, with many thanks, and bade him good-bye.

My dear brother Robert gave me five shillings, to reimburse me for the amount I paid Vicar O. Cookson for the names obtained from the Holbeck Church Registry.

I continued to visit both relatives and friends, to bid them good-bye up to June 5th. Sister Esther gave me a fine gold ring for my wife Hanna; it was set with several fine stones. Having gotten all things ready and the time having arrived for me to start for home, I embraced and kissed my dear sister Esther, who had been so kind to me, as also her husband; all of her children showed me great kindness. At 8:30 a. m. the cab came and I started to the railroad depot and was soon off for Liverpool, where I arrived in due time.

CHAPTER XXX

Shipped on Wyoming for New York, June 6, 1891, with 908 souls—Reached New York, June 17—Arrived Ogden, June 25—Brigham, June 27—Continued in poor health—Visits Malad—Arrested October 20, 1891—Uncouth demeanor of officers—Tempted to shed blood—Hold on, Mac, you've gone too far—Bond secured—Acknowledged paternity of Lily — Sentence two years, three months and costs November 28, 1891—Confined same day—February 22, 1892, trusty—McClellan incident.

I paid my fare to brother Earnest Young, in the Milennial Star Office, 42 Islington, for first cabin passage, £15 4s 9d, and at 6:40 p.m. went on board the steamship "Wyoming," of the Quion Line, and at 9:00 a.m. in the morning of June 6th we started for New York, touched next morning, the 6th of June, at Queenstown, harbor of Cork, and cast anchor at 6:00 a.m. We took on 62 more passengers, making in all 808 passengers and 100 of the crew, in all 908 souls, and at 12 noon hoisted anchor and off again.

From the 8th to the evening of the 14th we had nasty weather; rain, fog, strong winds and high seas. The ship was tossed and rolled about very much, and there was general sea sickness among the passengers.

At 10:45 on the morning of the 17th we took our pilot on board and reached dock at 8:30 p.m.

At 6:00 p.m., the 18th, we started for Norfolk in Virginia, on the steamship "City of Atlanta," and landed at Norfolk at 7:00 p.m. and left on the E. T. V. and Virginia R. R. for Memphis the same evening.

On the 21st at 4:00 p.m. we crossed the Mississippi river with all the train on a steam ferry boat. We landed on the Arkansas side and at once proceeded westward, and arrived at Ogden Wednesday the 24th at 3:30 p.m. I remained in Ogden until Saturday 27th and at 10:40 a.m. started for Brigham City in a buggy with James Jensen, my brother-in-law. I arrived there early in the afternoon and found my family all well.

My health continued poor. I had much pain in my back and in my body generally. I stayed at home a few days, then went to Malad City in Idaho, to visit my daughters, Elizabeth and Hannah Maria and their families.

I remained there about three weeks, during which time my health was improving slowly, but I did not get sufficiently strong to do any work.

During the fall I was warned by several persons that I should be arrested again, which I certainly believed, it being only a question of time with me. On the night of October 20, between 9:00 and 10:00 p.m., I was made aware, while in bed, that a deputy U. S. marshal was seeking admittance. I got up and, while dressing, John B. McClellan rushed into the bedroom and struck me, he having burst open the front door. He handled me roughly. He pulled the bed clothes off my son Alfred, who was also in bed. He dragged me into the next room and then into the room where my wife was. He acted in a wild and unlawful manner.

I remonstrated with him for his unlawful proceeding, telling him he would answer for it in the courts, but he cursed and swore the more, saying he would do as he d—d pleased in my house.

He told my wife Hanna to get up, but she wept and said she could not leave her children.

He yelled, "If you had a thousand children, I would make you get up and go with him."

She was much exercised and cried piteously. This aroused me and I felt like shedding his blood if he proceeded to drag her out of bed, but his partner, a Mr. Butcher, said:

'Hold on, Mac, you are going too far, you take Mr. Bywater and put him under bonds, and I will remain until you return." To this McClellan agreed.

As we were going to the commissioner, he asked me who I was going to get to go on my bonds.

I said, "No one tonight, you put me into the county jail, as you have threatened to do."

This made him mad, but after getting into Commissioner Shaffer's office he went and called up brother Carl Loveland and brother A. H. Snow, who went on my bonds of $2,500 and my wife Hanna's bonds of $1,000.

I went down to Ogden in obedience to summons for trial. I visited my friends and while at Sister Martha Coop's—Squire Coop's mother, talking over my case, there was a sister whose name was Lee, present, who came over to me and putting her right hand on my shoulder said:

"I don't know you, my brother, but this I do know, that you will come out of the penitentiary all right, but McClellan will never live to see you come out."

I felt that this aged sister sympathized with me, and I felt assured of the truth of her words respecting myself, but had no pronounced opinion respecting her prophecy concerning McClellan.

On the 28th of November I appeared before the court, James Miner, judge, and I acknowledged myself to be the father of my plural wife's youngest child, and also of all her children.

The indictment of the grand jury for adultery was read to me. I would not plead guilty, but acknowledged the paternity of my plural wife's young baby.

After quite a little talk, the judge sentenced me to two years imprisonment for adultery and three months for unlawful cohabitation and cost of prosecution.

The following brethren were sentenced the same day: Brother C. S. Wingl, three months for unlawful cohabitation and six months for adultery; Brother L. C. Petersen, 30 days and costs of prosecution. We all went to the prison the same day and together.

It was dark when we arrived there. A cold lunch was served us. We were then put into cells. I was put in with a stranger. I did not wish to be made a trusty until spring. I remained inside, having bad men for cell mates, but got along pretty well.

On the 14th of January, 1892, Mr. Ward commenced to take me out to clean the office, also the store rooms, about three times each week. On the 22nd of February I was made a full trusty and moved to the new cellhouse.

One day about 10 a.m., March 5th, 1892, I became troubled about the feeling of hatred and vengeance I held toward Deputy Marshal John B. McClellan for his brutal conduct at the time of my last arrest, previously mentioned by me. All day

long it bothered me, and the principle of forgiveness was constantly sounding in my ears.

Such as, "I the Lord will require of you to forgive all men, but I will forgive whomsoever I will."

Now, "When I hung upon the cross, I prayed unto my Father, saying, Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Late in the afternoon I resolved that at my evening prayers, in my little iron cell, I would lay all before the Lord, and I would forgive McClellan.

In compliance with my resolve, at one bell, it being five minutes to nine, I put out my light, and when all was still and silent, I knelt down and rehearsed the whole matter before the Lord.

I made confession of my error, and asked forgiveness, even as I do willingly forgive him. I had peace of mind at once.

On the morning of the 6th news came into the prison that McClellan had been shot in a saloon between 9 and 10 p.m. at Ogden, the night before by Deputy U. S. Marshal H. E. Whetstone, the man who in company with Deputy U. S. Marshal Steele arrested me on July 12th, 1887. I felt very happy that I had willingly forgiven him, viz., John B. McClellan.

CHAPTER XXXI

Put in charge of prison farm March 7, 1892—Planned and plotted as carefully as if personal property—Twelve acres vegetables—Did his own drilling—Ample vegetables for all—Latter-day Saints good trusties—The Italian hound trainer—Occasional excapees—R. H. Jones takes interest in my case—Other friends as well—I sought no favors—Spent 67th birthday in prison—Satisfaction experienced in obedience.

On the 7th of March, 1892, I was appointed by U. S. Marshal Parsons to take charge of the farm, much against Mr. Ward's wish, but another trusty was furnished him to fill my place. I was desirous to raise a good crop of vegetables, sufficient for all the prisoners, realizing that it would be to my advantage and tend to inspire and gain me good treatment, so I sought in humble prayer for the guidance of the Lord.

I took great interest in it. There were 25 acres tilled and all put into vegetables. All the help I desired was furnished me, a portion were confirmed criminals, a larger number were my brethren. Two of the trusties made their escape, one an Irishman, the other an Italian.

I took pains to put in the seed well, first preparing the soil carefully, and having it hand raked, and as fast as it was being prepared I would follow along, drilling in the seeds as well, and carefully as if it were my own farm.

I had selected a piece of land from eight to twelve acres in area, for set onions, table beets, carrots, peas, cabbage and melons. I put in the onion sets first, then beets, carrots, peas, cabbage,

and lastly, melons. Watermelons, muskmelons and cantaloupes, occupying about two acres in hills six to eight feet each way.

I had the hills manured and all the ground hand raked. I had previously put in radish, lettuce, early potatoes, spinach, beans, squash, sweet corn, etc. I drilled in the small seed with much care in straight rows. The seed was good and it came up very well and made a good stand, and I was much pleased at the good showing it made.

We kept it clean, as well as the entire farm, and in due season we had an abundance of vegetables, planting a succession of several varieties. We had about 200 persons to supply.

We used one and one-half bushels of radishes, and a large quantity of lettuce, spinach, turnips, beets and peas alternate days each week. Then cabbage, potatoes, sweet corn, carrots, summer squash, beans, onions, cauliflower, cucumbers and tomatoes, with watermelons, cantaloupes and muskmelons. These we took inside the prison yard by team, taking in a full wagon load twice a week.

We had strawberries, raspberries and celery for the guards' table. We also sent, most every morning, to certain families in Salt Lake City, vegetables. We generally received the orders the evening before.

The most faithful of the trusties were Latter-day Saints, but at this time there were few of these interned, and regular criminals were used, and such as had but a short time to serve; nevertheless, they would make a break for liberty every little while. Most of them would be recaptured, several were brought in shot. One McNeil, of New York, was shot dead; a few were not recaptured. There were two from the farm, one an Italian, the best hand

I had on the farm. About midsummer he commenced to train the bloodhounds, taking the part of an escaping convict, while one or two guards would follow the bloodhounds. Before starting it would be agreed on the course he should take and where to stop. Sometimes in a certain tree or on the top of an old shanty just north of the prison, and also at what point of his run the hounds should be put on the scent.

He told me one day he would make a break for liberty, but in a few days he said he had abandoned the idea, and would not, but he would fill his sentence. The training course of the hounds was two miles or over, and the greater part of the time the prisoner was in sight. Guards were careful not to start the hounds too soon; they would sometimes wait until the fleeing prisoner had reached the tree or got to the old shanty before putting the hounds on the scent. They would then lead them to the place where he had started and turn them loose; all the time they had the scent they kept up a constant barking, but if they lost it by somebody having crossed it, the hounds would stop barking and run around until they got the scent again.

The trainer's name was Thomas Grinaldi, an Italian. He was in for murder, was a strong and desperate man. He was shot in the attempt to arrest him. After he had been training the hounds several days, on Sunday, July 31, 1892, he made his escape, having been assisted by some of his countrymen. No strong effort was made for his recapture and he made good his escape.

On Aug. 8th, three prisoners, part of a shotgun gang working on the farm, made an attempt to escape. They took the revolvers from the guard,

emptied his rifle and took all his ammunition and walked him up the canyon about a mile, then released him, and returned his rifle, but kept his revolver, and they fled.

Bloodhounds were put on their trail and pursuit commenced immediately. They were traced in the mountains near Park City. Two were brought back, shot, but recovered, one made his escape good. I will not write more about escapees or attempted escapees.

I had many visitors during the season and fall of 1892, from friends and members of the family; also many letters which were cheering and pleasant unto me, for which I felt thankful.

Kind friends commenced to interest themselves in getting a pardon for me. Chief amongst them I think was Brother R. H. Jones, an attorney and a lifelong acquaintance, who visited me on several occasions, and who also labored with the state attorney, Mr. Varian, and other court officials.

I could not but appreciate his generous actions, for they were unsolicited, as I did not wish to ask clemency; but I desired to complete my sentence, neither asking for nor seeking a pardon; for I had wronged no person, but had only obeyed a divine law of my religious faith, and had been arrested, tried and convicted, sentenced and imprisoned on a law enacted nine years after my observance of that divine law, thus depriving me of my religious freedom as guaranteed by my adopted country.

On the 23rd of August I celebrated my sixty-seventh birthday in a prison house, dressed in the garb of a criminal, because I obeyed God in the divine law given. I rejoiced greatly.

During the month I received the following from Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America:

BENJAMIN HARRISON

President of the United States of America

To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Whereas, James Bywater, in the United States District Court, for the District of Utah, was on the 10th day of November, 1891, on an indictment brought, numbered 118, charged with unlawful cohabitation, and was on the 19th day of November, 1891, in an indictment brought numbered 119, charged with adultery, pleaded guilty to both indictments on the later date, was sentenced November 28th, 1891, for the conviction had under indictment number 119 to two years' imprisonment and to pay costs of prosecution, and was on the same day sentenced to a further imprisonment of three months, and to pay costs of prosecution for the conviction had under indictment number 118, term of imprisonment to commence upon expiration of sentence imposed in case number 119. And whereas, a large number of citizens of said District, on account of the great age, ill health and previous good character of said Bywater and the fact he has a large and dependent family, recommend that he be granted clemency. And whereas, the U. S. Attorney of said District believes the case is within the ruling of the Supreme Court in the Neilson case, and therefore recommends that upon payment of costs said Bywater be pardoned.

Now, therefore be it known that I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, in consideration of the premises, and divers other good and sufficient reasons thereunto moving, do hereby commute the sentence of the said James Bywater to one year actual imprisonment and costs. In testimony whereof I have hereunto signed my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, the 2nd day of August, 1892 A. D., and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and seventeenth.

By the President,

(Seal) BENJAMIN HARRISON

John W. Foster, Secretary of State.

CHAPTER XXXII

Adultery plea explained—Clemency resented—Counseled to accept—Brought before the District Court—Felt resentful—Spirit whispered: Listen. then speak from your standpoint—Is it better to obey man or God?—Returned to prison much soothed. What say you—You take me back to yonder prison house, there let me die—My prison career shall end in honor.

The statement, that I plead guilty to both indictments, is not true. I did not plead guilty to adultery, but I frankly acknowledged myself to be the father of the young baby of my plural wife, and also of all her children.

On reading the paper, I felt grieved and did not approve of the spirit nor the words in the appeal, nor by any means the President's "clemency" as stated therein, and I felt like returning the paper, and reporting that I had no use for it, and did not like or accept it.

I presented the matter to the brethren, and they thought it unwise to do so, for it would be taken as defiant, and its effect would be bad, and might affect the granting of amnesty, as desired and sought for by the authorities of the church.

After thinking it over, I reluctantly relinquished the matter. I considered that the Copper Act and the exemption were infringed upon.

On the 29th of November, 1892, the warden, Mr. Samuel Parsons, took me into Salt Lake City, before the District Court, to have the paper of commutation of sentence examined. The matter was referred to U. S. Commissioner Greenman, and the

decision was that he could not release me, save I paid the costs of prosecution ($78.29).

He remarked that it would give him pleasure to help me, and he could, if I would sign an affidavit that I would abandon the Doctrine of Polygamy, and promise to obey the law against its practice.

I felt very indignant, and was about to resent his proposition, when the spirit checked me, by saying, "Listen unto his words and then you will have a chance to reply, and speak from your standpoint."

This cooled my feelings and I sat still.

He said, "Now, Mr. Bywater, in doing this you only do what the law requires of every citizen from the President down, for it is the duty of every citizen to obey the law, for anyone who will not do this becomes a criminal, and not a supporter of the country, but an enemy, by living in defiance of its laws.

"Now you have been sent to prison before, but if you will now abandon polygamy, you will get your pardon and your franchise restored, and be eligible to vote and hold office. Now, what say you?"

I said, "Please allow me, your honor, to ask one question, whether it is better to hearken unto God and obey him, or to hearken unto man and obey man?"

He gave no answer. I continued as follows, I thanked him for the sympathy and good will he had expressed for me, saying that I knew that the Lord had revealed unto the Prophet Joseph Smith the Celestial Law of Marriage, including plural marriage, and that the Lord did also reveal unto me its divine origin, and that I had embraced it as a

doctrine of my religious faith; that I embraced it with my whole soul, mind and strength, with a covenant stronger than death. I cannot forsake one principle of my religion.

"I would sooner sacrifice my life, for I hold my testimony of the truth of greater value than all earthly things.

"You take me back to yonder prison house; and there let me die in one of its iron cells, for it would be far sweeter unto me than the liberty and freedom you offer me as the price of breaking my sacred covenant with God and my family! Never will I do that!

"Hearken to me, for my words have bark on!

"I would sooner suffer my head to be cut off than do that ungodly thing you ask of me; the Lord being my helper!

"That act requires me to forsake a wife that has borne me eight children, in the sacred law of marriage that God has revealed, and which the prophets, kings and princes of Israel obeyed, under the sanction and direction of God, as revealed in the sacred scriptures.

"You mention my former imprisonments. Well, each one had a beginning, and they also had an ending. My present imprisonment had a beginning and it will surely have an ending, and I want it to end in honor; having preserved my covenants most sacredly."

CHAPTER XXXIII

Returned to prison—Implores family and friends not to intercede—Notwithstanding this, fine was paid—Released December 2, 1892—Best three birthdays 63, 64 and 67 spent in prison—Reached home December 4, met by my sons James and Charles Wilson—Correspondence with W. M. Bywater, London—Continued through life—Financial distress—Exhaustion—Poor heart don't break—Daylight dawns.

I was taken back to the penitentiary, and I wrote to my family not to pay the $78.29, for I would rather remain until the full term of my imprisonment ended, which would be in the following summer. I implored them not to pay it, for it was my earnest desire to remain, and I could get copper and the benefit of the exemption. But my family and friends took a course to raise means and pay the costs. On the 2nd of December I was released, but it was in the evening and I did not wish to go out, so I asked the privilege of staying overnight and go out in the morning, which was granted.

I slept soundly and enjoyed the last night in prison. In the morning of the 3rd of December, 1892, I bade good-bye to my prison cell and dress, having spent three birthdays, my 63, 64 and 67, and I now state that they were the best of all my birthdays, and at this writing I have had eighty-one.

I arrived home on the evening of the 3rd. I was met at the depot by my son James, and son-in-law, Charles Wilson; they told me they had solicited aid of friends to pay the costs of prosecution.

Through the proclamation of President Benjamin Harrison issued in August of 1892, James Bywater was granted amnesty and restored to citizenship.

On the 7th of December, having been home four days, a letter was handed to me, dated March 10th, 1892, London, from W. M. Bywater. I at once proceeded to answer the letter, informing him that I had been south for a little over a year and had not seen his kind letter before 5:15 p.m. December 7, 1892. I wrote him as nice a letter as I could.

In January, 1893, I received an answer, also his photo and his pedigree from about 1320 to 1825, and his marriage to Elizabeth Palmer in 1849. He requested my photo. I at once had a dozen taken at Compton's in Brigham City. I will say his pedigree from about 1320 down to 1670 was that of Lady Mary Wytham of Garforth, Yorkshire.

On her father's side, the Wythams were a titled family of Yorkshire, and Mr. Wytham Matthew Bywater of London, second great-grandfather, married Miss Mary Wytham of Garforth in 1670, and the rest of the pedigree are the generations of Mr. Thomas Bywater and Mary Wytham, down to the birth of W. M. Bywater in 1825, in Tauten Hall, Tadcaster, Yorkshire.

My grandfather, Thomas Bywater, also got his wife from Garforth.

He was born April 4, 1774, and the maiden name of my grandmother was Esther Thornton. I sent him my photo in return, and also my pedigree back to my third great-grandfather, born about 1693, named Joshua Bywater. I received an answer promptly, quite complimentary.

Well, I found my families without the necessaries of life. They had no coal and no money, they

were in debt to the stores, and owing to personal friends several hundred dollars. For my immediate relief I borrowed some money, giving my note at stated interest. The times were dull and winter slowly passed and springtime came.

I allowed my son James to run my farm, on conditions that I assist and we divide the crops equally. In 1894 I took full charge of and farmed my land until the close of the year 1905, being then in my 81st year.

During those eleven years I labored very hard, often being completely exhausted in the field, and lying down in the shade to rest, and at times with no assurance that I ever would arise alive. Added to physical exhaustion was mental anguish and grief over my financial circumstances; so intense at times that I feared my heart would break, and many times in the field, and in the silent hours of night, I have put my right hand upon my heart, when it was throbbing and fluttering in pain, and said, "Poor heart, don't, don't break."

I would offer a prayer unto God, that he would spare my life, bring me out of debt, and grant me the righteous desires of my heart.

My indebtedness had been brought on by being cast into prison, and taking me from my labors, and my farms and my property entrusted unto others, but I was constantly reducing my debt, as each year rolled around.

I owned some good and valuable lots in the big field, and could have sold a couple of lots and gotten out of debt at once, but I realized I was getting old, and if I sold my land I should likely become a pauper, so I refrained from selling.

No one knew, but God and myself, the anguish of heart that I endured because of my financial condition, yet I never murmured nor complained, but cultivated a submissive will, and struggled hard to raise myself and get out of debt.

CHAPTER XXXV

My wife Hanna's illness—Long delayed visit to Greenville—You shall not go alone—Christmas, New Year—Hanna home-bound—Visit to Malad —Rapid change seen in Hanna—Annie called for —Also Sister Jorgenson—Dr. Pearse called in—No cure but relief—Mother's message—We are awaiting your coming—Her spirit fled—Survivors —Funeral details.

I had noticed a change coming over my wife Hanna for a couple of years, and in particular the year of 1905, and I often had serious thoughts about her, fearing to think that she was nearing the end of life.

In the fall of that year, 1905, she concluded to visit her sister Annie in Greenville, Cache county, and take her a very fine hanging lamp which she had promised, on getting electric lights in her home, which she had now accomplished. Finally she fixed the time of visit, which was Christmas.

Now, I did not wish to go, because I had promised to go to Malad City, Idaho, but when I looked at the poor wan face of my noble wife, I said,, "You shall not go alone, I will go with you," for I had serious doubts of her being able to return home. So we went on Christmas day, taking the hanging lamp, and on the following day she assisted in putting up the lamp. It required a strong effort on her part to do so, and I stood by giving her some support; when the lamp was hung up, I felt greatly relieved and glad that my wife had been enabled to fulfill her promise made to her sister Annie.

We remained until the close of the year, visiting relatives and friends.

The time to me was full of anxiety as I watched the pale face of my wife grow paler as the days went by, and I sensibly realized she was growing weaker but she did not complain.

On New Year's day, 1906, we started for Logan early in the morning.

It was bitter cold. We sat in the bottom of the sled, covered with quilts. We boarded the train at Logan, arriving at Brigham City station on time. We took a bus and reahed home safely, glad but very tired. Snow was about one and a half feet deep on the level.

My wife never left home again until she was borne out in her casket.

After a few days at home I went to Malad City, Idaho, visiting with my four married daughters and their families, relatives and friends for about one week, which was a very anxious one for me. I then returned to my home and found my wife failing very fast, but cheerful and full of faith that she would get well.

In the middle of February I wrote her sister Annie in Cache Valley, requesting her to come, as my wife was getting quite low. She came over at once and nursed her with the most tender care and solicitude, assisted by Sister Jorgenson of Ogden, a lifelong friend of my wife, who remained with her to the end.

My wife began to realize her condition, and desired the advice of a doctor. We sent for Brother Dr. Pearse, who after examining her, privately told my daughter Louie that her mother had a cancer near the stomach and he could do nothing for her, but would visit and give her a mild soothing lotion.

She was not told what the doctor said, but she became troubled about calling for a doctor until one night her mother appeared to her, and told her not to be troubled about it, for it was all right and she further said, "We are awaiting your coming."

Loving hearts, kind and friendly hands attended her with the deepest solicitude, giving her a bath every day and, while her bed was being fixed she would sit up in a chair, and the last words or private conversation we had was while she was thus waiting, her words were indeed sweet and true. I shall ever remember them. They came from a sincere and pure heart of a noble daughter of Sarah.

A few hours before she died she closed her eyes and slept, her breathing was a little heavy, without a struggle or motion, not even opening her eyes, her chin dropped a little, and her sweet spirit fled, at about 3 o'clock p.m., March 8, 1906, being 56 years of age, save six days. She was the mother of eight children, three boys and five girls. One boy and four girls survive her.

CHAPTER XXXVI

(Copy from the Box Elder News of March 15, 1906)

A GOOD WOMAN GONE TO REST

Mrs. Hanna Bywater answers summons Thursday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock—Her's was an active life —Funeral services held in Third Ward Meeting House—Profusion of flowers—Many visitors.

Mrs. Hanna Bywater of the Third Ward of this city died last Thursday. She had suffered severely for several months, and although little hope of her recovery had at any time been entertained, the final summons caused the profoundest sorrow in the family.

She idolized her children, her thought was always with them and what she could do to minister to their comfort. She was an active worker in the Church to which she belonged, having been a teacher in the Relief Society for more than twenty years. She was a good neighbor and a staunch friend. Her faith and confidence in her family and her reluctance to see evil in her acquaintances, or to credit evil, made her remarkable in that respect.

The world is better for her having lived in it, and now that she has passed on one step in the course of eternal progression, we trust that her labors may be as acceptable as they were here.

We extend sincere sympathy, and hope that the bereaved may find consolation in their faith in the final resurrection.

Hanna Marie Jensen Bywáter was born March 14th, 1850, in Copenhagen, Denmark. Her parents

were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and when she was eight years old, she was baptized according to the custom of the Church.

In 1871 she came to this country and lived with the family of Adolphus Madsen. She married James Bywater March 10, 1873, and became the mother of eight children, three boys and five girls, of whom four girls and one boy survive her.

Hanna was the eldest child of the family, and naturally the younger children looked up to her for care and direction. She has four sisters and one brother, all of whom were in attendance at her funeral.

Funeral services were held in the Third Ward Meeting House Sunday, March 11, 1906, at 11 a.m. Long before time to commence the seats were all taken, and many were turned away for want of room. The stand and casket were beautifully decorated with pretty flowers that had been contributed by loving hearts. The pallbearers were her son Alfred, her brother James Jensen, and her four brothers-in-law, Carl M. Nelson, J. C. Stevens, Bert Stallings and N. C. Christensen. The meeting was presided over by Bishop Lorenzo N. Stohl.

Singing, "Hark From Afar a Funeral Knell." Prayer by Elder Jacob Jensen. Singing, "Resting Now From Care and Sorrow."

Elder Henry C. Jensen felt that the departed sister had undoubtedly filled the measure of her creation and would be welcomed on the other side.

Elder George B. Reeder recalled his first acquaintance with Sister Bywater, relating incidents that had taken place while they were neighbors.

Sister Emma Lee, president of the Ward Relief Society, bore testimony to the faithfulness of the deceased, and remarked that she had acted as a Relief Society Visiting Teacher for over 22 years, and had discharged her duties with fidelity. Said that Sister Bywater had expressed herself to her, just before she died, that she was reconciled to the will of God.

Elder Severin N. Lee sang "When We All Reach Our Home in That Beautiful Land."

Elder S. Norman Lee reported that as a Ward Teacher on the block, in company with Elder Whitmer Anderson, he had always been made welcome whenever he had called, and had been shown the deference due that office, referred to an encouraging remark made by the deceased that had left a lasting impression on his mind.

President W. C. Horseley referred to the love she bore for her children, and the faith she had exercised in their behalf. He read from the poem, "The Gate Celestial."

Bishop Thomas H. Blackburn called the deceased one of the pioneers. He also spoke in the highest terms of her husband, James Bywater, who, though he had the chance of renouncing her in the old territorial days, chose rather to endure persecution and hardship.

Lottie Cozier sang "O My Father."

President Oleen N. Stohl called attention to the fact that the deceased had always been of a modest disposition. He also commended the infinite faith she had in the gospel and the example in that respect she had shown her family. He said that her daughter Ella was a living witness of the efficacy of faith as it had been exercised in her behalf. He

read from the Book of Mormon regarding the resurrection.

Elder Fred J. Holton thought that the song, "O My Father," expressed splendidly the philosophy of existence; it embraces the pre-existence, the present probation and the hereafter. The Gospel brings forth some noble spirits and in the hearts of the children is planted the seeds of divine faith.

Bishop Lorenzo N. Stohl was of the opinion that upon no other occasions do we enjoy the abundance of the Holy Spirit that we do upon such occasions as the present. He believed that the deceased was one of those Noble Spirits, that were present at the Council in Heaven that had covenanted to come down at this time and do the work she had now accomplished. He remembered her all his life and she had been a noble wife and mother; she had visited the sick and the fatherless, which is "True religion and undefiled before God." On behalf of the family, he thanked all who had rendered assistance in any way during their trouble.

Singing, "Mid Scenes of Confusion."

Benediction by Elder D. P. Burt.

A severe snow storm was raging when the services were over, but notwithstanding this a large cortege followed the remains to the cemetery, where interment took place. At the grave four members of the Tabernacle choir sang, "Nearer My God to Thee." The grave was dedicated by Elder William Jeppson. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stevens, Elizabeth and Sylvanus Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stallings, Levi Stallings, Mrs. Anna Jorgensen, and Miss Ella Jorgensen of Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Nelson, Myrtle and Mrs. O. A. Follet of Logan, and Lizzie Jones and Annie Peck of Malad were in attendance at the funeral.

(Copy from "The Box Elder Report")

DEATH OF MRS. BYWATER

Mrs. Hanna Bywater passed away last Thursday. She was the wife of our worthy, honest, conscientious citizen, James Bywater Sr. She leaves a sorrowing husband and a large family to mourn her loss. The funeral services were held Sunday, where the beautiful life of this good mother was highly commended.

This is the last that father wrote of his history. His daughter, Rose Ellen, into whose hands this sacred record was placed continues: He spent the winter of 1908 and 1909 visiting among his children. He was contented and seemed to thoroughly enjoy life, in fact, he would often say; "Life is sweet to me." I once asked. "What makes life sweet to you Papa? He replied, "I owe no man a dollar, nor have I taken advantage of my fellow man neither have I wronged the chastity of any woman." He took great comfort in telling of his experiences. He visited the Public Library every day and kept us well informed on current events and the news of the day. We enjoyed and appreciated his companionship and counsel.

On May 13th, 1909, while on his way to the Post Office and Library, father stopped to talk with Brother John Evans and while there was taken very ill. Brother John Evans and his daughter-in-law Rachel W. Evans helped father home. From that date until the latter part of July he was confined to his bed, but could read the daily paper during this time except for a very few days. He was patient and reconciled and would sometimes say: "I am only waiting to be called home."

During the fore part of August father thought it would be well for him to visit with his daughter Mary Wilson on the farm, and in fact the change did him some good. On my wedding day, August 17th he spent the day with us, but the heat distressed him very much and I was concerned about his health. In the evening he returned to the farm and remained there growing weaker from day to day until his death Wednesday morning, September 1, 1909. The funeral services for our faithful and honored father were held Saturday, September 4th, at 4 P. M. in the Box Elder Stake Tabernacle.

Maria Thomas Bywater

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARIA THOMAS BYWATER

Maria Thomas, born Feb. 4, 1841, in Winrow Parish, Glamorganshire, South Wales; was the 12th arrival in a family of 14 children, as follows:

Robert, b. Dec. 20, 1818	Charlotte, b. Jan. 1, 1832
Mary Ann, b. May 21, '20	Thomas W., b. Feb. 8, 1833
Harriett, b. Sept. 9, 1821	Cathrine, b. Sept. 24, 1835
William, b. May 11, 1823	Jannette, b. May 26, 1837
Lewellyn, b. Sept. 18, '25	Maria, b. Feb. 4, 1841
Eliza, b. June 6, 1827	Henry, b. Oct. 25, 1842
Jacob, b. April 26, 1829	Frederick, b. Feb. 14, 1844

The father of this family was William Howell Thomas, a cobbler, born Nov. 2, 1790, near Winrow Parish, Glamorganshire, South Wales; the son of Robert Thomas and Janet James, his wife. The mother of these 14 children was Ann Williams, born Feb. 28, 1797, in Winrow Parish, Glamorganshire, South Wales, the daughter of Robert Williams and his wife Cathrine. These honest and frugal folks early gave a listening ear to the message of Mormonism, and the father and the mother were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1847, and perhaps some of the children as well. Maria was baptized in 1849. William Howell Thomas and Ann Williams, his wife, were endowed and sealed as husband and wife for time and for eternity on Oct. 19, 1861, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The spirit of the gospel was the spirit of gathering; and yielding to this urge they left their home

and pleasant surroundings to join the Saints in the land of Zion. The parents and the seven younger children set sail from Liverpool, England, on the good ship "Jersey," Feb. 5, 1853, the day following Maria's 12th birthday. This was the 63rd company of Saints embarking from Britain for the land of Zion.

There were 314 passengers in the company; 300 of whom were steerage and 14 were 2nd class. The company was about half and half English-Welsh; hence there was a confusion of tongues assembled on the deck of the "Jersey," with glistening eye and moistened cheek, singing, "Yes My Native Land I Love Thee," as they were towed down the Mersey river, into the open sea, in rather a frail craft for the tempestuous winds and waves of the expansive ocean.

The married folks were located in the center of the ship, the boys near the bow, and the girls at the stern. Passengers, as well as the ship itself, were divided into districts, for the better observance of order, discipline and work. Each of the divisions, already mentioned, had a supervising council of three brethren; and the whole company was under the direction of a president, who in this case was Elder George Halliday. At 8:00 o'clock p.m. evening prayers were held in each section, after which lights were out and into bed. On warm days everyone was brought on deck for airing and sunshine, whether they liked it or not, and indeed it was quite necessary.

In reading the account of the journey, one is led to conclude that the personnel of the ship was rather limited; and the passengers did much of the cleaning up, as well as the furnishing and preparing

of the food. Upon one occasion, those who had been assigned to the preparation of the food were expelled, and others took over; only to make a dismal mess of both kitchen and pantry, and the former cooks were again installed, much to the satisfaction of the passengers. As we coasted southward we seemed to leave winter behind; the weather became warmer and the air more balmy.

The joy at sighting land, as they neared the West Indies, was very great. All of the passengers were continuously on deck. The watery voyage had been long and tedious; which fact they now became very conscious of. A little later they entered murky water and a pilot came aboard, which did much to create a feeling of security, as they wended their now devious way through the delta of the great Mississippi river. They entered the river proper through the southwest channel, passing the Belize Pilot Station into the sagging current of the Great Father of Waters. The distance from the bar to the city of New Orleans is 90 miles. Four days were consumed in towing the "Jersey" to the city, where they docked March 21, 1853, having covered the 5000-mile voyage in seven weeks. During the journey there were two deaths and six marriages.

At the docks they were met by the forwarding agent of the church, Elder John Brown, whose promptness and energy soon had them aboard the "John Simonds," chugging up the great river to St. Louis, and then to Keokuk, Iowa. The fare was $2.25 for adults, all over 14 years of age; half fare for those between 3 and 14, and all under 3 were free.

While preparations were being made for the overland journey from Keokuk, Iowa, to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, they were camped at Mont-

rose, Iowa, which was out a few miles from Keokuk. This camp was heavily infested with snakes, so that at times they were fearful to walk about; yet none of the party were ever molested.

On June 3, 1853, they were reported ready for the move from Keokuk onto the westward trail. The company, under the direction of Elder Joseph W. Young, was made up of 42 wagons. Thirty-two of these were in the "Ten Pound Group," and ten were in the 'Emigration Fund," and the trek into the wilderness began. They crossed the Missouri river July 11 at Council Bluffs. On July 29 their company was overtaken by Isaac C. Haight, between Loupfork and Wood River. He was returning from Council Bluffs to the Great Salt Lake Valley. He stayed with them over Sunday, July 31, and they held a rousing meeting at Wood River that day.

Occasionally, some of the children would mount one of the friendly oxen and ride for a spell; but for the most part the entire journey was made on foot, for both children and adults. It was indeed a welcome halt when they reached the Great Salt Lake Valley, Oct. 10th, 1853; having been under way, more or less, since Feb. 5, 1853, just a little more than eight months since they embarked at Liverpool, England.

The stay in Salt Lake City was of rather short duration, for soon they, with others, were called by Brigham Young to go to Box Elder, later Brigham City, and help colonize that region. They soon found themselves in a dugout home, with dirt roof and dirt floor, in the Old Fort—Box Elder.

(By common consent of all the former residents of the said Old Fort, who could be assembled on that historic spot, the southwest corner of the Old Fort was established

Aug. 19, 1919. A suitable marker was placed thereon, in their presence, in commemoration thereof, with appropriate service and dignity. It's on the Lincoln school grounds. —H.W.V.)

The William H. Thomas family was among the very early settlers of Box Elder, and therefore suffered the hardships and privations of those early days; including the terrible famine of the winter of 1855, caused, in part at least, through a widespread grasshopper plague of the previous season. The diet consisted largely of roots, wild onions and segos; together with a little wheat, ground in the coffee mill, then added sparingly to the mixture and the whole of it cooked. The wheat must be conserved for spring planting. Sister Thomas was a very good practical nurse and rendered invaluable and unstinted service to the whole community, as well as to her own family members, in their affliction and distress.

They continued their home in Brigham City until 1863, when again, upon the recommendation of President Brigham Young, that as fast as possible the stakes of Zion extend their bounds, the parents and most of the children of the Thomas family moved to the Malad Valley, where they finished life's mortal journey. The parents, however, found their final resting place in Brigham City and are numbered among the honored pioneer dead of that beautiful cemetery.

Out of the Old Fort they moved into a rather artistic Willow Palace, with dirt roof and earth floor, just south of the opening at the southwest corner of the Old Fort. This unique abode brought them the name of the Willow Thomas Family.

Family Group of James and Maria Thomas Bywater
Back row left to right: Joseph, Annie, Sarah, James and Mary
Front row left to right: Esther, Elizabeth, Father, Mother, Charlotte

Maria's delight was this home and its flower garden; the latter particularly characterized her whole life. She often said, "I watched Brigham City grow and develop; I have lived to see the barren waste blossom as the rose."

The romance of her life began here one morning as she threw out a pan of dish water. It accidentally was thrown over a young man who was passing by. He naturally stopped to make investigation. As he approached her, she, in embarrassment, beheld the face of the man who later became her husband. While he, as he peered into her lovely face and caught the gleam of her sparkling eye, became conscious of love at sight, which it really proved to be, and on July 28, 1857, James Bywater and Maria Thomas were happily married. They took up their abode in the two-room house which Jim had built in 1856, on Lot 6, Block 27, Plat "A," Brigham City Survey. June 29, 1861, they were sealed as husband and wife for time and for eternity in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Utah, by the Holy Priesthood of God. To this union came the following children:

Elizabeth Ann, May 6, 1858	George, Nov. 20, 1864
Robert, March 26, 1860	Joseph, Jan. 30, 1866
Hanna Maria, March 27, 1861	James, Feb. 17, 1868
Mary Janet, Feb. 3, 1863	Sarah Jane, June 13, 1870
	Charlotte, Dec. 30, 1872
	Esther, Sept. 6, 1875

The approach of Johnston's army, in the early summer of 1858, brought a recommendation from the general authorities of the church that the saints vacate their homes and move south, which they did. Maria journeyed south with her father's family, while James continued at Brigham City, in military

service. While Maria was at the home of their mutual friend, George Bywater, in Salt Lake City, her first baby was born, May 6, 1858. Her husband, James Bywater, was at her side at the time, having been excused from military service for the occasion, May 5, 1858, at Brigham City.

The journey south took them as far as Pond Town (now Salem), where James aided the Thomas family in constructing a dugout home. The stay was of short duration and before winter set in they returned to Box Elder, or Brigham City. The homes had been somewhat disturbed and desecrated by the Indians during their absence.

Annie Bywater Peck, one of the children, gives an interesting sidelight on the advent of the "Coal Oil Lamp" in the home of Maria Bywater. "Father came home from the store with a very precious parcel, and declared it to be a coal oil lamp. He sent the children out in the garden and then proceeded to unpack the parcel. Then carefully connected wick and burner, filled the lamp with the dangerous oil, and inserted the wick; a most dangerous process lest we have an explosion. Coal oil lamps were the new thing then. The most dangerous of all the process was the lighting of the lamp. Father alone was in the vicinity of the lamp during this event, and lo! it burned brightly as the globe or chimney was attached. The lamp was set upon the mantel, with the strict injunction: Not to be touched but by father. We kiddies, though outside, were at the windows gleefully observing the advent of the coal oil lamp in the Bywater home."

This new equipment in their home helped to lighten the labors of candle making. Maria had an eight and a four candle mold. These she had used

from the time she was married, in making and molding all the candles used in their home.

In 1872 a rather pretentious home was completed, on Lot 11, Block 10, Plat "A," Brigham City Survey, and Maria immediately moved into it. But soon had an opportunity to rent it to John W. Young, a son of President Brigham Young, which she did, and with the cash thus received she purchased the second sewing machine that came to Brigham City—a rotary turned by hand. Ruffles on ladies dresses were all the rage at that time, and the children tell now how their mother had ruffles by the heap all over the house, for which she earned a deal of cash at two cents per yard.

In 1873 the most trying experience of her rugged life came to her, when her husband entered into the practice of polygamy. She bore her disappointment courageously and time bridged over the resulting chasm. She became reconciled to the condition, and to the children of the second family; as well as to the truly Latter-day Saint lady, with whom she had been called upon to share the love and companionship of her husband, rather against her feelings and her will. The plan was carried out for many years wherein Brother Bywater divided his time equally with his two families, changing week about beginning each Monday morning. The first of the trio to pass on was Hanna, who died March 8, 1906, and her husband three years later, Sept. 1, 1909.

The James Bywater family organization came into being and held its first family reunion Feb. 4, 1920, in honor of Maria Bywater's 79th birthday. This family organization has continued to function from that date until now, and has done much to make a single unit of the two families of James Bywater.

In her later life Maria suffered with rheumatics, yet, strange as it may seem, as she met with a serious accident which injured her hip and left her halting, the old rheumatic pains disappeared. Upon this occasion, for the first time in her long and varied life, a doctor was called to her aid. She believed in the power of healing through the administration of the Elders holding the authority of the Holy Priesthood.

Through all her suffering she was patient and often cheered her girls, who were with and about her, by expressing and manifesting her gratitude for the many blessings which she had received and enjoyed. She was ambitious and a hard worker; she loved needle work and was very adept in its execution, almost to the last. She admired flowers and maintained until the end her flower garden about her home.

On January 6, 1921, an honored pioneer, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, passed on to the rest which she had earned, after an illness of three months with dropsy. She was truly one of those who stood the test of trials and tribulations amidst hardships, and did her full measure in making the barren desert blossom as the rose. Hallowed is her memory.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HANNA MARIE JENSEN BYWATER

Hanna Marie Jensen, born March 14, 1850, the first arrival in the family of nine as follows:

Jens b. 1852	Sophia, b. Mar. 3, 1862
Marie, b. 1854	James, b. May 29, 1864
Anna, b. 1855	Julia, b. Dec. 25, 1866
Anna Laurine, b. Nov. 18, 1858	Christine, b. May 15, 1869

Soren Jensen and Ellen Mortensen were married about 1848. They are the parents of the above named children. The Jensen family resided at Hjoyberg. The Mortensens, well-to-do and highly respected, lived in the little village of Tysvilde, a neighboring settlement to Hjoyberg, and near Copenhagen, Denmark. Ellen, an only daughter, had the advantage of a liberal education. As her wedding dower her parents gave her a country home.

Soon after their marriage Soren was drafted into the Danish army and served as a Hussar with the cavalry during the war between Denmark and Prussia in 1848-49. They disposed of their home in Tysvilde shortly after his release from the army and moved to Vallby, a suburb of Copenhagen. Here Hanna Marie, their first child, was born on March 14, 1850. She became a great comfort to her mother who was frequently alone during the early years of her marriage.

The next two children born to the Jensens died in early childhood. Naturally, each of these experi-

1850 Hanna Marie Jensen Bywater 1906
(Picture taken about 1895)

ences endeared Hanna to her parents more and more. In all their joys and sorrows Grandmother Mortensen was at their side. Hanna was always delighted when her grandmother visited them, and she would go often to her grandmother's home where she was adored and made much over, after the manner of grandmothers with their grandchildren.

Anna Laurine Jensen was born on November 18, 1858. Through her illness when only a few months old the history of the family changed and becomes more interesting. Soren was absent from home when Anna was stricken suddenly and seriously ill, appearing as if she were dead. Ellen, mindful of her past experiences, cried aloud, "My baby is dead!"

A woman, living next door, heard the cry and hastened to Anna's bedside. Knowing that she was a member of the hated "Mormon" church, Ellen refused to let her touch the child. But the kindness and sincerity of the neighbor was disarming, and the mother allowed the woman to anoint the child with consecrated oil and to ask the Lord to restore her to life and health. This prayer was answered and Anna was made well.

Their bitter prejudice against the "Mormon" faith was entirely removed through this, to them, a miraculous healing, and the Jensens investigated the gospel and so became convinced of its truth. Though suffering with a serious infection, Ellen did not hesitate to enter the icy water for baptism in February, 1859, because she had faith that she would be healed. The following day, when the doctor called, he was astonished at her improved condition and pronounced the healing a miracle.

March 18th of the same year Hanna Marie was baptized by Elder Wilhelm Myer, and Brother R.

Olsen confirmed her a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

During the year 1861 the church conducted a school in Copenhagen under the direction of Hans P. Miller of Sanpete county. Hanna Marie attended this school and later finished the work prescribed by the public schools of Copenhagen. Then she took a tailor's course in dressmaking and soon became very proficient in sewing the clothing for the entire family, which she did by hand, as the sewing machine had not yet been invented. But Hanna enjoyed taking her work with her into the beautiful parks of Copenhagen, where the family went often to hear the music. She spoke especially of the famous Tivoli; her children loved to hear her tell about it and then listen to her sing the love song: "Paa Tivoli."

Shortly after Hanna had completed her education, her father was stricken with pneumonia which left him in a serious and weakened condition, and only for short intervals thereafter was he able to work. The once prosperous family was reduced to actual want. This was a great trial to Ellen who had always had all the comforts of life, and the failing health of her husband and the need of her children greatly troubled her.

Despite poverty, Ellen kept her family well dressed, for she had learned of a shop where women of wealth disposed of their used clothing. With Hanna's skill with a needle and her knowledge of fabric, together with her rare good taste, she renovated and restyled this cast-off clothing, and the family went beatuifully clad. Because they were poor, this extra effort to appear well was necessary,

and Hanna satisfied two of the dominant traits of her nature—her pride and her love of beauty.

At last, however, their straitened circumstances compelled her to give up sewing as a profession, and Hanna entered a knitting factory where she could earn more than with her needle, for she had the responsibility of assisting the family. The church and its activities and the association of the members became a haven of refuge. It was during this time that the strength and sweetness of her spirit unfolded, and Hanna found life pleasant and full of interest.

In the beauty of her young womanhood, she was courted by one of the local missionaries, and at the age of twenty, when they became engaged, they planned their future in Zion. They mutually agreed that Hanna should be the first to go to Utah. When his mission was finished he would join her and they would be married. Accordingly, on June 23, 1871, she and her younger sister, Anna, took passage for New York on the "SS Minnesota," bidding farewell to all they knew and loved.

During the sea voyage Anna, who had been a delicate child, showed such marked improvement, that when she reached New York she was well. Hanna enjoyed the voyage even more than did her sister, for it was the first time in her life that she had been free from care and responsibility since she was old enough to sense them. The girls sang, danced and played games with the other passengers, and even found time to read, which they loved to do.

Little time was spent in New York, as the immigrants were anxious to arrive at their destination as soon as possible. Enroute at Pittsburgh, Emelia Dalgreen (Madsen) and some of the other girls of

the company went into a grocery store to buy some sugar. They were offered cigars for their efforts with the new language. When Hanna asked for "shuker," the clerk understood immediately, and she felt her first engagement with English was won.

Hanna and Anna Jensen reached Ogden on July 22, 1871. They went to the home of Brother Jacob Hansen in Bear River City with Karen Andersen, one of the girls of the company. Hanna left there when she found work in the home of Brother Adolph Madsen in Brigham City. For the going wage of 50c a week, she milked and tended the cows, fed the other small stock, scrubbed the floors, laundered the clothes, and did all the sewing for the family. These were the usual tasks expected of the hired girls of the day.

Hanna was anxious to send money home to her mother for passage for the rest of the family to come to Zion, so she secured a position in the Rosenbaum Hotel at an increased salary. Shortly afterward she went to work at "Hamptons Bridge Roadside Inn" for $3.00 a week. The place was unattractive to her and the work very hard, but she stayed as long as her health permitted, because every post carried money to her mother in Denmark.

In the summer of 1872 Hanna received the joyful news that her missionary sweetheart would soon be in Zion with her. When he finally arrived, the word reached her while she was at a meeting in the old Bowery on the square where Brigham Young Memorial park now is. Her joy was short-lived, for simultaneously she learned that her betrothed had married another woman during the journey to Utah. Hanna fainted and was carried away by her friends, who, knowing nothing of her expectations, were

mystified at her sudden illness. Hanna's friends stood by her through this experience, till time healed the outer wound. Her faith in the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and her belief that her disappointment was for a wise purpose sustained and comforted her.

The autumn and early winter of 1872 Hanna spent in Ogden with Sister Wiederborg, whose husband was on a mission. She assisted in the dressmaking establishment which the sister conducted. The work and social life here were congenial and interesting. Nels Madsen and Austin Brown, who were attending school in Ogden, added much to the entertainment of their home life.

With her knowledge and acceptance of the principles of the gospel, Hanna had thought that some time she might be called upon to share her husband with a second wife; now, however, she was asked to accept another woman's husband. While she acknowledged the principal of plural marriage, it was not easy for her to satisfy herself that she should marry James Bywater, a man three years older than her father. She prayed earnestly to be guided aright in so important a step; she received assurance that this marriage was right. When she learned from James that he, too, had sought divine guidance, she consented, and the marriage was solemnized in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on March 10, 1873.

James had built his first home in 1856, a small cottage of adobe on the corner of Second West and Second North, and there Hanna made her home for the remainder of her life. She made it comfortable and beautiful with her skillful, artistic needlework and the gaiety of her youthful spirits. Her

young sister Annie shared her home until she left it for one of her own.

On October 20, 1873, James Bywater left for a mission to England. On January 3, 1874, Hanna was crowned with the glory of motherhood, her first born, a son who lived but a few moments. Thus bringing to her in one day exquisite joy and bitter sorrow. James was released because of ill health in November of the same year.

In the following September, Hanna's heart rejoiced over the birth of her first daughter, whom she named Rose Ellen. Three years later the coming of her son, Alfred James, helped to mitigate the sorrow she felt at the death of her father in Denmark, September, 1876. James was a great comfort to his young wife, and he sent a generous gift of money to alleviate the want of Hanna's mother, and to pay for passage to Utah for Sophia.

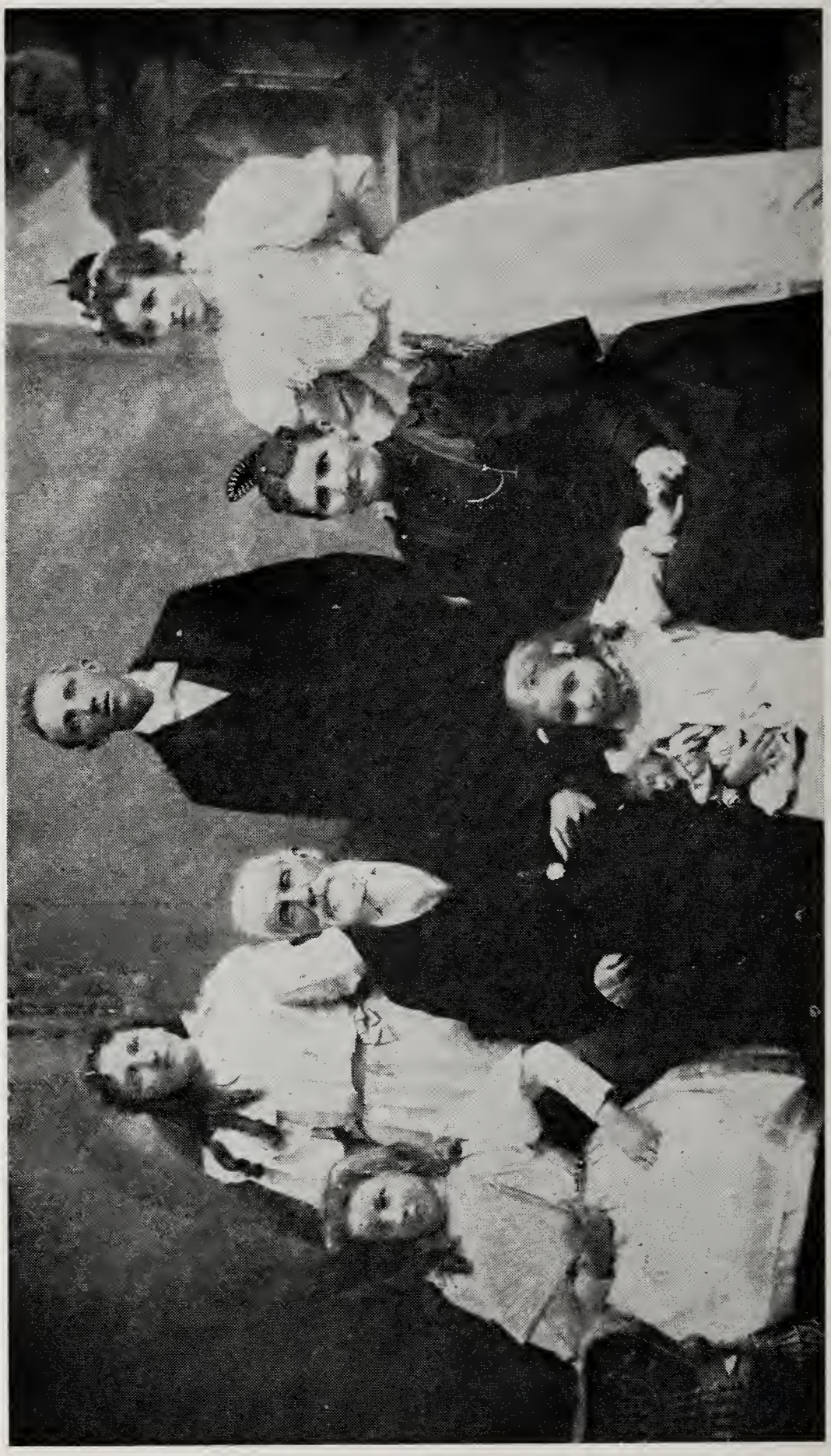
The death of Ellen M. Jensen in February, 1879, left Hanna's two youngest sisters and only brother orphans in far away Copenhagen. The little girls, Julia and Christine, were taken to an orphanage, and the boy, James, was apprenticed to a carpenter. Hanna couldn't rest until the children could be brought to Utah. At the orphanage Julia had narrowly escaped being fatally burned, but when she recovered the girls set sail for Zion, and later with the help of a relative of his mother, James followed them. All of them in turn found a home with Hanna.

A year after the birth of Hanna's second daughter, Lenora Ann, in June, 1882, the Edmunds-Tucker bill became a law which made polygamy in the United States a crime, punishable with imprisonment. The first edict after the passage of the bill

made all polygamists ineligible for public office. As a result, James Bywater lost his position as County and Probate Clerk and County Recorder for Box Elder County. He suffered imprisonment on three different occasions, and endured the repeated persecution of misguided federal officers. He paid heavy fines which caused financial distress to his dependent families. But he submitted to these indignities rather than put Hanna and her children on the underground or renounce them.

The ten years following the passage of the Edmunds-Tucker law were lonely and difficult ones for Hanna. During the time that James was away from home intermittently in prison and for a short mission he spent in England, the entire financial support of the family fell upon her slender shoulders. Three daughters and another son were born to her, and she had to bear alone the grief of losing two of the children in infancy. Hannah Louise, one of twin girls born in 1884, survived her sister, and the last of Hanna's children was a girl born in 1890 and named Lillie Prudence.

Besides securing the necessities of life for her children, Hanna managed to give them comforts and even the refinements of culture. Through her thrift and frugality she purchased a parlor organ when her means were limited and her earnings small. Her needle was never still. Before daylight and far into the night she worked at the trade she learned as a girl in Denmark. She welcomed the advent of the sewing machine because it allowed her to accomplish even more. Yet her home was immaculately kept, the unseen corners as neat as the rest, and her children were carefully and religiously taught. The needy and the hungry were never turned from



Family group of James and Hanna Jensen Bywater
Taken about 1895
Standing left to right: Lenora Ann, Alfred J., Rose Ellen.
Sitting: Hanna Louise, Father, Lillie P., Mother

her door, and when the unfortunate couldn't come to her, she sought them out, never doubting that Christ meant her personally when he said, "Do it unto the least of these."

March was the eventful month for Hanna. The anniversaries of her birth, her marriage and her death are the 14th, 10th and 8th of the first month of spring. The span of her life was short, but it was rich with goodness and beauty. The sorrow and misfortune that entered Hanna's life could only hallow it, never embitter or narrow it. Her scope of interest and charity for her fellow beings was as wide as the world. She left behind her the heritage of her great, unquestioning faith, her unfailing kindness, her unbounding charity, for when her substance failed she gave herself. And her memory burns green and strong in the hearts of those who loved her.

JAMES BYWATER FAMILY ORGANIZATION

After four preliminary meetings held in January, 1920, the James Bywater Family Organization was effected. Much credit is due to Elizabeth B. Jones, who suggested the movement and who was a faithful supporter until she passed away.

The first gathering was held in Brigham City on February 4, 1920, to celebrate Maria's 79th birthday anniversary. Eighty-two members of the family contributed to a gift and program, which also included a dinner.

The next two reunions were held at Malad in 1921, and at Brigham City in 1922 on the birthday anniversaries of James and Hanna, respectively. The family was unable to gather in 1923 because of the Willard flood and the typhoid epidemic.

The fourth reunion was held at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. Thirty-seven members were present. The following is a copy of a printed program which was carried out at the fifth family reunion.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF JAMES BYWATER

Family Reunion, Monday, August 24, 1925

Brigham City, Utah

Third Ward Chapel and Grounds

TO OUR FATHER

With willing hands and anxious heart
    You toiled and prayed and did your part
To establish Zion in the West,
    Where we who followed might be blest.

In the realms above I think I see
    Father pleading for you and me,
That in life's tests we may not fail,
    Nor lose the place where truth prevails.

May the spark divine we feel within
    Keep us from the ways of sin.
And this gathering here but typify
    Reunion in our home on high.

James Bywater 100th Anniversary Group
Taken August 24, 1925

Important Events in the Life of JAMES BYWATER

Born August 23, 1825, House No. 10, Front Walk, Over Holbeck Moor, Leeds, England.

August, 1834, entered Marshall's Flax Mill as half timer. August, 1838, advanced to full timer.

Aug. 14, 1848, embarked at Liverpool on ship Garrick.

September 15, 1848, landed at New York.

December, 1851, embarked, New Orleans for England. Marvelous conversion on ship.

Feb. 4, 1852, baptized at Leeds. Confirmed on the 8th.

April 19, 1852, embarked Liverpool.

June 29, landed in New York (rough voyage).

June 6, 1855, started west from St. Louis. Brought 1000 lbs. books for Utah Library.

Reached Salt Lake City, September 3, 1855.

Reached Brigham City, September 23, 1855.

Built home, 12x24, Lot 6, Block 27, Plat A, 1856.

July 28, 1857, married Marie Thomas.

1857, appointed County Clerk, County Recorder and Notary Public, serving until 1873.

January 31, 1859, Clerk of 58th Quorum of Seventy.

1871, built home, Lot 11, Block 10, Plat "A."

March 10, 1873, married Hanna Marie Jensen.

October 8, 1873, departed for Mission to England.

September 6, 1877, appointed High Counselor, Clerk and Stake Historian.

1878, Reappointed County Clerk and Recorder.

Nov. 25, 1890, departed for a Mission to England.

Died September 1, 1909, in debt to no man.

Funeral Sept. 4, 1909, Box Elder Stake Tabernacle.

PROGRAMME

Centennial Anniversary Reunion, Aug. 24, 1925

General Assembly, 10:00 a.m., Chapel

1. Singing
2. Invocation.
3. Words of Welcome.
4. Music.
5. Talk, Family Organization.
6. Reading
7. Singing.
8. Life Sketch, James Bywater
9. Reminiscences.
10. Music.
11. Talk, Latest Returned Missionary.
12. Remarks.
13. Closing.

Picture Taking.

Luncheon and Visit, Two Hours.

Business Session.

1. Roll call; Family Heads Answer.
2. Report; Officers and Committees.
3. Consideration of By-Laws.
4. Miscellaneous.
5. Election of Officers.

Children's Hour.

1. Games, Program, Stunts, Contests.

Visit Old Scenes of Family Life.

Evening luncheon 2 hours at home or on grounds grouped.

Program (continued)

1. Singing.
2. Invocation.
3. Music.
4. Stunts.
5. Fancy Dancing.
6. Free for All—everybody—anybody.
7. Recreational Activities.
8. Benediction.

At the family gathering held at Pioneer Park, Brigham City, on August 21, 1938, the following pep lines were read, and are, by request, inserted here:

Who are we? Come let us see:
Yes, James Bywater's posterity.
And who was he? A pioneer brave
From across the sea.
This year makes eighty and three
Since he arrived in this valley.

No relative welcomed him here,
Far from his home and loved ones dear:
Facing problems of Western frontier,
Close to nature, and the saints were near;
His undaunted faith drove away all fear.

With Aunt Maria Thomas, his first wife,
They struggled together in pioneer life.
They did their part in God's great plan
To replenish the earth with mortal man.

Twas Elizabeth, Annie, Joseph and Mary,
James, Charlotte, Esther and Sarey.
These are the children who came to tarry,
Adding numbers and names in the record to carry.

Elizabeth accepted Jones, Annie took
A Peck, Mary chose a Wilson,
Charlotte is a Reeder, Sarah married
Thompson, and Esther's Dan is Jones.

A second marriage, with Hanna in 1873,
Brought another branch in the family tree.
English, Welsh, Danish, each a nationality,
Transplanted in the U.S.A., land of the free.
And here part of the harvest we see.

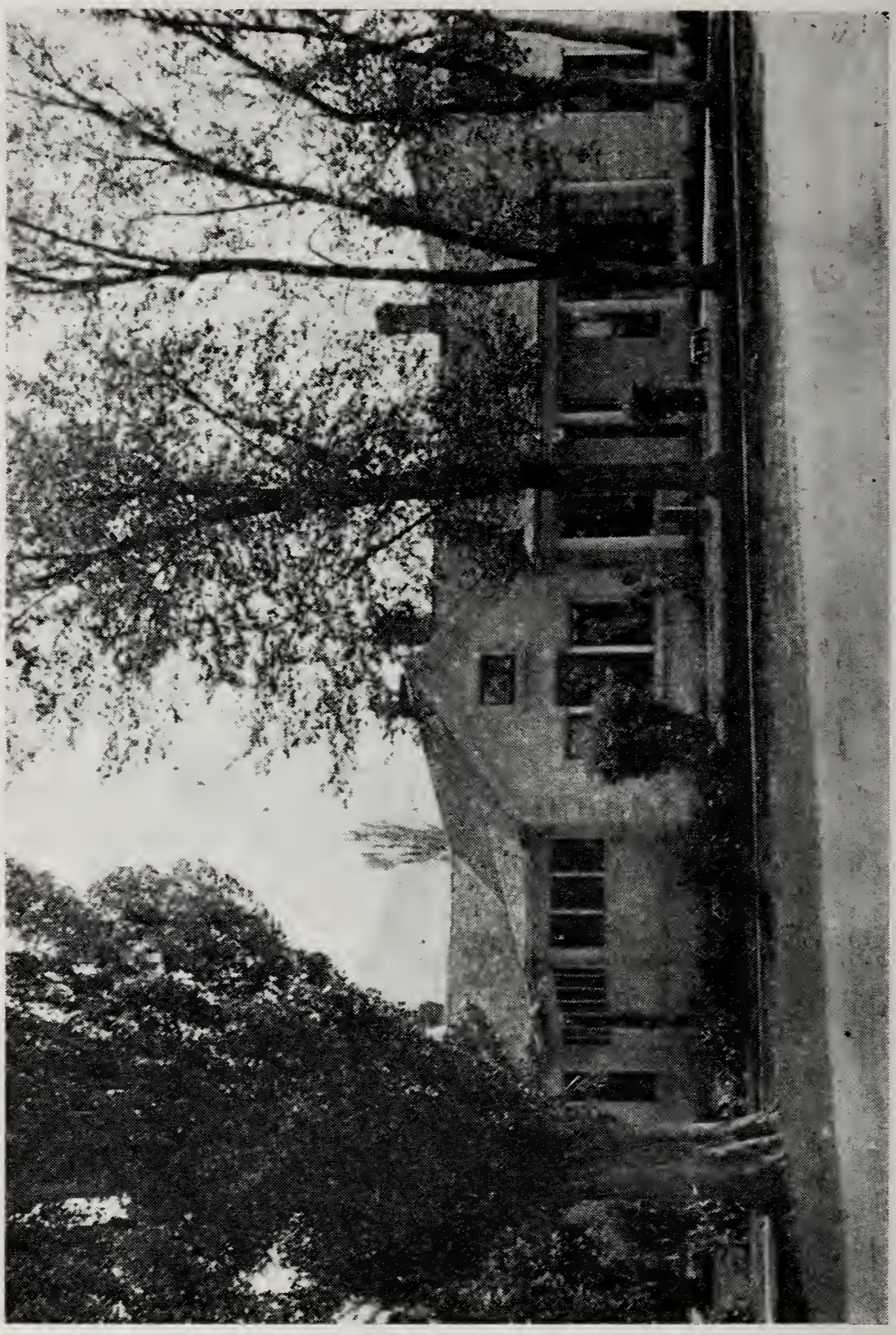
Five twigs from the Danish branch are these,
Alfred, Nora, Louie, Lillie and Ella, if you please.
They have lived to add new names in rhyme,
Forsgren, Hillam, Call and Valentine.
Leaves Joseph, James and Alfred, Bywaters all the time.

What service do these children and in-laws render?
Sturdy farmers, carpenters, stockmen and mothers tender;
A bank director, dentist, milliner and saleslady,
Butchers, bakers, lawyers and good home makers.

When you want to roam or need a new home,
Why not move to the city of Salt Lake?
Call on the dealers in real estate,
Where you'll meet Hy, the official abstractor.
Then visit Ella, the little painless extractor.

Now just stop and think; I'm sure you'll agree
It's good to belong to this family.
From now on let's all show more appreciation
For membership in the Bywater organization.

Twenty-four reunions have been held. Each of the children and some of the grandchildren have acted as officers in the organization. Genealogical research is sponsored and temple ordnance work is a continued activity.



The Old Bywater Home modernized and enlarged.

JAMES BYWATER FAMILY RECORD

The children of James, Maria and Hanna Bywater are given a number in sequence, according to date of birth.

They retain this number, which is carried throughout their posterity, thus:

No. 1, Elizabeth Bywater Jones. Her children are 1A, her grandchildren 1B, and great-grandchildren 1C, and so on through the lists of all the children recorded in this book.

POSTERITY OF JAMES AND MARIA THOMAS BYWATER

James Bywater, md. July 28, 1857 to **Maria Thomas**

b. Aug. 23, 1825	b. Feb. 4, 1841
d. Sept. 1, 1909	d. Jan. 26, 1921
Brigham City	Brigham City

CHILDREN

No. 1 Elizabeth Ann Bywater, b. May 6, 1858, d. Jan. 3, 1930, at Malad, Idaho

" 2 Robert Bywater, b. Mar. 26, 1860, d. April 1, 1860, at Brigham City, Utah

" 3 Hannah Maria Bywater, b. Mar. 21, 1861.

" 4 Mary Jenet Bywater, b. Feb. 3, 1863, d. Nov 12, 1939, at Brigham City, Utah

" 5 George Bywater, b. Nov. 30, 1864, d. Dec. 1, 1864, at Brigham City, Utah

" 6 Joseph Robert Bywater, b. Jan. 30, 1866.

" 7 James Bywater, b. Feb. 17, 1868, d. Jan. 14, 1945, at Brigham City, Utah

" 8 Sarah Jane Bywater, b. June 13, 1870, d. April 9, 1942, at Hamilton, Montana

" 9 Charlotte Bywater, b. Dec. 30, 1872, d. Sept. 1, 1946, at Brigham City, Utah

" 11 Esther Bywater, b. Sept. 6, 1875, d. July 25, 1939, at Lava, Idaho

Record Number 1

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

1 **Elizabeth Bywater,** md. Oct. 11, 1878, **Brigham E. Jones**
b. May 6, 1858 b. April 25, 1854
d. Jan. 3, 1930 d. June 30, 1917
LDS mission in Southern States 1900-02

CHILDREN:

1A William Lubin Jones, b. July 31, 1879
" Arthur Bywater Jones, b. Nov. 16, 1881 d. Feb. 11, 1898
" Edwin Eli Jones, b. Aug. 3, 1884
" James Bywater Jones, b. Mar. 2, 1887
" Brigham Bywater Jones, b. Sept. 17, 1889
" Mary Bell Jones, b. Feb. 9, 1892
" Annie Maria Jones, b. April 12, 1895 d. Feb. 28, 1896
" Melvin Royce Jones, b. Aug. 21, 1897
" Elizabeth Murial Jones, b. Nov. 21, 1900

1A **William Lubin Jones,** md. Nov. 17, 1907, to **Ellen Jones**
d. Sept. 15, 1934 b. Feb. 28, 1882
d. Oct. 8, 1930

1A **Edwin Eli Jones,** md. Sept. 14, 1910, to **Mary James**
d. June 23, 1946 b. Oct. 24, 1887

CHILDREN:

1B Ariel Eli Jones, b. April 14, 1911
" Eddis Jones, b. Sept. 26, 1912
" John Brigham Jones, b. Feb. 12, 1915

1B **Ariel Eli Jones,** md. June 6, 1930, to **Aneita Sorenson**
b. Nov. 3, 1911

CHILDREN:

1C Ralph Ariel Jones, b. Nov. 17, 1930

1B **John B. Jones,** md. Dec. 31, 1937, to **Iva Gean Rockwell,**
b. Mar. 15, 1920

CHILDREN:

1C Nancie Gean Jones, b. Sept. 8, 1938
" John Richard Jones, b. April 25, 1943

1A **James B. Jones,** md. Oct. 5, 1910, to **E. S. Waylett,**
Served L D S mission b. Sept. 11, 1889
to So. States 1919-21

CHILDREN:

1B Laurel Delean Jones. b. Oct. 3, 1911
" Mabel Waylett Jones, b. Mar. 21, 1914
" Nada Waylett Jones, b. Jan. 16, 1917
" Reese Waylett Jones, b. Dec. 4, 1920
d. Dec. 7, 1924
" Jennie Bee Jones, b. Mar. 2, 1926

1B **Laurel Delean Jones,** md. May 26, 1939, to **Floyd Fifield**
LDS mission 1935-37 b. April 29, 1914
LDS mission
in Germany

CHILDREN:

1C Bessie Gail Fifield, b. April 14, 1940
" Maren Elvene Fifield, b. Nov. 7, 1942

1B **Mable W. Jones,** md. Aug. 14, 1934, **Melvin Hambley**
b. March 27, 1910
Entered Navy Feb. 9, 1944, Disc. as S. 1st Class, Jan. 28, '45.

CHILDREN:

1C Mary Elizabeth Hambley, b. Nov. 15, 1931 (adopted)
" Melvin Ray Hambley, b. Feb. 21, 1936
" Mickey Darwin Hambley, b. Sept. 11, 1942

1B **Nada W. Jones,** md. June 23, 1939, to **Roland B. Jones**
Served LDS Mission 1937-38. b. Sept. 10, 1916
Entered U. S. Army April 17, 1945, Disc. Cpl. May 6, 1946.

CHILDREN:

1C Nada Kathleen Jones, b. Aug. 1, 1942
Son not named b. and d. July 5, 1945

1A **Brigham B. Jones,** md. April 27, 1930, **Favorette Briggs**
Entered Army Sept. 4, 1917. b. Oct. 13, 1907
Disc. S/Sgt. May 19, 1919.

CHILDREN:

1B Sheldon Brigham Jones,
" Sharon Bessie Jones (twins), b. Aug. 23, 1932
" Eric Bee Jones, b. Jan. 12, 1939

1A **Mary Bell Jones,** md. Dec. 23, 1908, to **Rollins W. King**
b. May 1, 1884

CHILDREN:

1B Dennison Brigham King, b. June 2, 1909
d. July 5, 1940
" Mae Elizabeth King, b. Aug. 22, 1912
" Annie De Chane King, b. May 2, 1918

1B **Mae Elizabeth King,** md. Dec. 25, 1934, **Ray Deschamps**
b. Sept. 2, 1911.
Entered Army Jan. 6, 1944, Disc. July 1, '44.

CHILDREN:

1C Karoline Deschamps, b. June 23, 1941

1B **Annie Dephane,** md. Jan. 26, 1938, **Elmer B. Taylor**
b. Oct. 19, 1918
Entered Army June 30, 1944. Disc. Feb. 10, 1946, as S/Sgt.

CHILDREN:

1C DeAnn Janeece Taylor, b. June 25, 1941
" Markys DeChaw Taylor, b. Apr. 27, 1944

1A **Melvin Royce Jones,** md. Dec. 24, 1920, **Minnie Chivers**
b. July 23, 1898

CHILDREN:

1B Neva EllaVon Jones, b. Oct. 21, 1921
" Royce Chivers Jones, b. Jan. 9, 1926
" Betty Lou Jones, b. Feb. 1, 1930

1B **Neva EllaVon Jones,** md. July 23, 1942, **Milton Crump**
b. March, 1910

CHILDREN:

1C Milton M. Crump Jr., b. July 29, 1945.

1B **Royce Chivers Jones,** md. July 30, 1945, **Anna Daniels**
b. Aug. 26, 1928

1A **Elizabeth M. Jones.** md. June 6, 1919, **Dewey T. Jones**
b. June 30, 1898

CHILDREN:

1B Richard Brigham Jones, b. Sept. 15, 1919
d. Oct. 4, 1919
" Elmo Dewey Jones, b. Feb. 8, 1921

1B **Elmo Dewey Jones,** md. Mar. 22, 1942, **Audrey Johnson**
Entered Army Air Corps
Feb. 16, 1943, 1st Lt.

CHILDREN:

1C Janet Elizabeth Jones, b. Dec. 27, 1942

Record Number 3

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

3 **Hannah Marie Bywater,** md. Jan. 4, 1889, **Charles Peck**
b. Mar. 27, 1861 b. Dec. 27, 1866

CHILDREN:

3A Charles Henry Peck, b. Feb. 7. 1890
" Marie Peck, b. Oct. 24, 1891
" Don Lovel Peck, b. Oct. 3, 1893
" Elizabeth Peck, b. Oct. 26, 1895
d. Oct. 15, 1901
" Arthur Peck, b. June 19, 1898
" Robert Paul Peck, b. Oct. 16, 1900
" Annie Ellena Peck, b. Mar. 6, 1905
" James L. Peck, b. Aug. 13, 1908

3A **Charles Henry Peck,** md. April 30, 1912, **Ida Holmes**
b. April 4, 1890

CHILDREN:

3B Mary Ardis Peck, b. Jan. 17, 1916
" Raymond Peck, b. Nov. 7, 1917

3B **Mary Ardis Peck,** md. Sept. 13, 1941, to **Jess Swan**
b. Nov. 28, 1912

CHILDREN:

3C Patricia Ann Swan, b. Sept. 4, 1942
" James Walter Swan, b. May 23, 1944

3B **Raymond Peck,** md. Mar. 24, 1942, **Kath. Fitzpatric**
Enlisted Sept. 5, 1942, served b. Aug. 15, 1920
as Lt. USNR Engineer overseas
20 mos. Released Dec. 25, 1945.

CHILDREN:

3C Parmela Faye Peck b. Dec. 12, 1946

3A **Marie Peck,** md. October 22, 1922, to **Ray Cooper**
b. Dec. 27, 1890
d. Jan. 7, 1938
Enlisted U. S. Air Serv.
1917, Disc. Aug., 1920.

CHILDREN:

3B Harry L. Cooper, b. June 11, 1924
d. June 13, 1924

3A **Don Lovel Peck,** md. Nov. 18, 1822, **to Lulu Bensen**
Entered U. S. Army Aug. 7, b. Mar. 23, 1900
1918, Disc. Pfc. Feb. 7, 1919

CHILDREN: Adopted

3B Ludona Peck, b. April 9, 1933

3A **Arthur Peck,** md. June 24, 1922, to **Ida Osguthorpe**
Served USN, April 5, 1917, b. Dec. 14, 1902
Oct., 1919, Enlisted Aug. 10, 1942
USNR, Disc. Feb. 28, 1945.
Reen. Sept. 24, 1946, USNR.

CHILDREN:

3B Betty Lou Peck, b. Oct. 3, 1924
" Maurine Peck, b. June 18, 1927
" Boyd Peck, b. July 15, 1938

3B **Betty Lou Peck,** md. Feb. 21, 1941, to **Russell Niesser**
b. April 18, 1918

CHILDREN:

3C Kenneth Niesser, b. Oct. 28, 1941

3B **Maurine Peck,** md. June 24, 1943, to **Stanley Potter**
b. Aug. 13, 1922
Served in U. S. Marines.
Enlis. May 18, 1942; med-
discharged Nov 22, 1942

CHILDREN:

3C Ida Kathleen Potter, b. April 14, 1944
" Jerry Michael Potter, b. July 2, 1945
" Ginger Ranee Potter, b. Dec. 17, 1946

3A **Paul Peck,** md. October 10, 1926, to **Carol Pelton**
b. Feb. 13, 1908

CHILDREN:

3B Robert Paul Peck, b. June 10, 1927
Enlisted in U. S. Army 1942.
Still in service.
" Carol Nanon Peck, b. Jan. 6, 1929

3A **Annie Allena Peck,** md. June 2, 1931, **B. Scarborough**
d. Dec. 14, 1937 in Arizona b. March 23, 1903

CHILDREN:

3B Bernard Scarborough, b. June 1, 1932
" Charlie Scarborough, b. Feb. 6, 1934

3B **Betty Niesser,** 2nd mar., Feb. 25, '46, to **L. E. Bell**
b. Feb. 24, 1925

CHILDREN:

3C Robert Bruce Bell, b. Aug. 21, 1946

Record Number 4

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

4 **Mary Jenet Bywater,** md. 1882 to **Charles Wilson**
b. Feb. 3, 1863. b. Sept. 17, 1857
d. Nov. 12, 1939 d. June 12, 1918

CHILDREN:

4A	Charles Edward Wilson,	b. March 22, 1884 d. Oct. 7, 1886
"	James Lewellyn Wilson,	b. July 23, 1886 d. Feb. 1, 1933
"	Grace Wilson,	b. Jan. 29, 1888 d. Feb. 11, 1920
"	Coral Wilson,	b. Dec. 10, 1898 d. Aug. 1, 1945
"	Charles Wilson Jr.	b. March 20, 1892
"	Maria Wilson	b. June 19, 1894
"	Joseph Noble Wilson	b. Jan. 30, 1896 d. June 1, 1945
"	Robert K. Wilson	b. Oct. 30, 1897 d. March 15, 1899
"	Raphael William Wilson	b. Sept. 16, 1899
"	Clement Maurice Wilson	b. June 3, 1902
"	Franklin D. Wilson	b. Dec. 1, 1904
"	Evelyn Wilson	b. Jan 7, 1909

4A**James L. Wilson,** md. Dec. 21, 1908, **Elizabeth Holland**
d. Feb. 1, 1933 b. May 19, 1892

Volunteered service in war II
L. A. Cal. 7500 hours service.
5 times blood donor.

CHILDREN:

4B Charles Llewellyn Wilson, b. June 26, 1912
" Clyde Woodrow Wilson, b. July 3, 1915
Inducted in Army Oct 20, 1941.
Disc. S/Sgt. Sept. 23, 1945.

4B **Charles Wilson,** md. May 26, 1934, to **Blanch Durante**
Electrical Supt. of Shipbuilding b. Feb. 20, 1913
Div. of Western Pipe & Steel
Corp., San Pedro, Calif.

CHILDREN:

4C Patricia Lee Wilson, b. March 5, 1941
4C Linda Diane Wilson, b. July 12, 1945

4A **Grace Wilson,** md. July 20, 1910, to **Wilford Nelson**
d. Feb. 11, 1920 b. Feb. 9, 1883

CHILDREN:

4B Bernice Nelson, b. April 24, 1911
" Margaret Nelson, b. June 18, 1914
" Wilford Wilson Nelson, b. Aug. 7, 1918

4B **Bernice Nelson,** md. April 27, 1929, to **Fred. A. Maass**
b. Oct. 19, 1901

CHILDREN:

4C Donna Jeanne Maass, b. Jan. 5, 1930
" Janet Yvonne Maass, b. Aug. 30, 1936

4B **Margaret Nelson,** md. Nov. 30, 1932, to **L. L. Marchant**
b. Oct. 2, 1911

CHILDREN:

4C Wayne Nelson Marchant, b. July 16, 1935
" Keith Nelson Marchant, b. Jan. 6, 1939
" Frances Irene Marchant, b. June 11, 1945

4B **Wilford Nelson,** md. June 20, 1942, **Donna Watkins**
Entered Navy Nov. 18, 1941. b. Oct. 20, 1921
Disc. Chief Yeoman Jan., 1946

CHILDREN:

4C Dennis Wayne Nelson, b. Feb. 22, 1945

4-A **Coral Wilson,** md. May 10, 1910, **John M. Iverson**
d. Aug. 1, 1945 b. April 1, 1890
Served LDS Mission in
Eastern States 1910-12

CHILDREN:

4-B Marcus Wilson Iverson, b. Mar. 3, 1913
" Mary Iverson, b. Oct. 21, 1914
" Virginia Iverson, b. Sept. 30, 1917

4B **Marcus Iverson,** md. June 19, 1936, to **Reatha DeVol**
Entered U. S. Army April 3, 1941. b. Dec. 25, 1916
Disc. Cpl. June 28, 1945

CHILDREN:

4C Claudia Joan Iversen, b. Sept. 2, 1938

4B **Mary Iversen,** md. June 5, 1933, to **L. C. Chandler**
Died Feb. 4, 1937 b. Dec. 28, 1910

CHILDREN:

4C Shirley Jean Chandler, b. Mar. 10, 1935
" Mary Lynn Chandler, b. Jan. 16, 1937

4B **Virginia Iversen,** md. Oct. 12, 1940, to **M. C. Hodge**
b. Oct. 22, 1915
Served L. D. S. Mission
in Eastern States, 1937-39

CHILDREN:

4C Marva Janet Hodge, b. May 30, 1943

4-A **Charles Wilson Jr.** md. Dec. 25, 1919, **Gertrude Phelps**
Entered Army in April, 1918, b. July 28, 1895
Disc. as Pfc. May, 1919. Served LDS Mission in Eastern States 1914-16

CHILDREN:

4-B Charles Junior Wilson, b. May 13, 1821
" Betty Mae Wilson, b. Sept. 24, 1922.

4B **Charles J. Wilson,** md. May 19, 1944, to **Lillian Johnson**
Served mission in East Central States April 1942-44. Entered Army in 1944, wounded March 19, 1945. Disc. Cpl. Sept., '45 b. Nov. 23, 1923

CHILDREN:

4C Herman Grant Wilson, b. Mar. 26, 1945
" Katherine Wilson, b. April 13, 1946

4B **Betty Wilson,** md. Sept. 24, 1942, to **H. G. Humphreys**
Enlisted in Army, June, 1941. Served as Capt. in Air Corps. Killed in plane crash Aug. 7, 1944, in California.

CHILDREN:

4C Carolyn Lee Humphreys, b. July 25, 1943
" Diane Sue Humphreys, b. Sept. 25, 1944

4 A **Maria Wilson, md.** Sept. 17, 1917, to **C. E. Anderson**
b. Nov. 19, 1892
Entered Army Sept. 18, 1918, Disc. as Pvt. Jan. 28, 1919

CHILDREN:

4B June Carrol Anderson, b. Aug. 5, 1918
" Eugene Wilson Anderson, b. June 7, 1921

4B Charles Darrell Anderson, b. Mar. 6, 1923
Entered Army Air Corps Feb. 18, 1943. Disc. Sgt. Feb. 21, 1946
Mexican Mission left Nov. 1946
" John Denton Anderson, b. Feb. 21, 1924
Entered Army Air Corps Feb. 10, 1943
Served as Cpl.
" Mary Louise Anderson, b. Oct. 12, 1926
" Richard Wilson Anderson, b. Jan. 13, 1929

4B **June C. Anderson,** md. June 11, 1941, to **P. B. Clayton**
b. Jan. 7, 1914
Served Mission to Netherlands, 1936-39

CHILDREN:

4C Pam Carrol Clayton, b. Jan. 10, 1943
" Craig Anderson Clayton, b. June 28, 1945

4B **Eugene Anderson,** md. July 12, 1943, **Dixie Ursenbach**
Entered U. S. N. Air Corps Aug. 20, 1942. Disc. AMM 1/c Oct. 20, 1945
b. Oct. 25, 1923

CHILDREN:

4C Sandra Lynette Anderson, b. Jan. 30, 1944

4B **Mary L. Anderson,** md. Sept. 23, 1940, to **R. J. Hambley**
b. Nov. 9, 1921
Enlisted May 19, 1942
Disc. Nov. 19, 1945
Lt. Air Corps, Southwest Pac.

4A **Joseph Wilson,** md. May, 1918, to **Jeannett Leiger**
Entered Army Mar. 23, 1918. Disc. July 17, 1919.
b. May 9, 1894
d. April 15, 1935

CHILDREN:
4B Maria Eve Jeanne Wilson, b. June 3, 1919
" Josie Marcelle Wilson, b. Sept. 25, 1923

Joseph Wilson, 2nd md. July 6, 1936, **Madeline Marquez**
b. Jan. 14, 1908

4B **Maria E. J. Wilson,** md. 1938, to **Anthony J. Theriot**
2nd md. Dec. 28, 1944, **M. R. Bakaleinikoff**
b. Oct. 31, 1891

CHILDREN:
4C J. Anthony Theriot, b. Sept. 27, 1939
" William Paul Theriot, b. Nov. 11, 1942

4A **Raphael W. Wilson,** md. Dec. 24, 1919, **Olive Grant**
Served in World War I b. June 24, 1902

CHILDREN:
4B Virginia Mary Wilson, b. July 15, 1924
" Patsy Ruth Wilson, b. April 17, 1926

4B **Virginia M. Wilson,** md. Oct. 11, 1943, to **C. N. Huston**
b. Feb. 25, 1921
Entered U. S. N. Disc.
Oct., 1945, as S 1/C.

CHILDREN:
4C Charles Michael Huston, b. July 20, 1944
" Kenneth Eugene Huston, b. July 17, 1945

4B **Patsy R. Wilson,** md. Oct. 5, 1943, to **K. Geldermann**
b. Dec. 3, 1923
Entered U. S. A. Air Corps
Feb. 6, 1943. Disc S/Sgt.
Nov. 1, 1945.

4A **Franklin D. Wilson,** md. April 4, 1932, to **Flora Mills**
b. April 29, 1907

4A **Evelyn Wilson,** md. July 17, 1930, to **F. McD. Brown**
b. Sept. 28, 1901

CHILDREN
4B Barbara Brown, b. June 30, 1936

Record No. 6

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

6 **Joseph R. Bywater,** md. Sept. 12, 1904, to **Alice Bradford**
b. July 28, 1887

CHILDREN:

6A Joseph Mylan Bywater b. Mar. 9, 1906
" Maria Alice Bywater, b. June 11, 1908
" James Butler Bywater, b. Nov. 11, 1910
" Woodrow Wilson Bywater, b. Feb. 18, 1913
" Daniel Cole Bywater, b. Feb. 28, 1915
d. July 5, 1915
" Lawrence Dewy Bywater, b. Dec. 17, 1921
Drafted Dec. 8, 1942, U. S. Army Air Corps.
Served in England, France, Germany.
Disc. Feb., 1946.
" Sarah Ethleen Bywater, b. June 27, 1923
" Marva May Bywater, b. May 12, 1926
d. Aug. 18, 1928
" Carla Ray Bywater, b. Feb. 25, 1828
d. Oct. 5, 1931

6A **Joseph Bywater,** md. July 26, 1933, **Laura Warburton**
b. July 11, 1909

6A **Marie A. Bywater,** md. June 17, 1929, to **Owen Payne**
b. June 3, 1905

CHILDREN:

6B Marva Rae Payne, b. Feb. 7, 1931
" Thomas Gary Payne, b. July 7, 1933

6A **James B. Bywater,** md. July 26, 1932, to **Sadie Kump**
Killed July 10, 1944, b. Oct. 3, 1912
shipyards, California

CHILDREN:

6B LaRae Bywater, b. April 20, 1939

6A. **W. Wilson Bywater,** md. July 2, 1945, to **Ada F. Potter**
Entered U. S. Coast Artillery b. May 4, 1928
Dec. 8, 1942, Disc.
Aug 30, 1943.

Record Number 7

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

7 **James Bywater,** md. Dec. 19, 1888, to **Olive A. Steele**
b. Sept. 16, 1870
Died Dec. 1, 1902

CHILDREN:

7A Imogene Bywater, b. Nov. 12, 1889
" James Ora Bywater, b. Sept. 17, 1893
" Florence Bywater, b. Sept. 4, 1895
" Sarah Olive Bywater, b. Jan. 8, 1898
d. Feb. 7, 1899
" Lorna Bywater, b. Feb. 20, 1900
" Helen Bywater, b. Mar. 23, 1902
d. May 7, 1902

7 **James Bywater,** 2nd md. Aug. 19, 1903, **Bertha Korth**
b. Feb. 17, 1868 b. Dec. 7, 1883
d. Jan. 12, 1945

CHILDREN:
7A Bertha Della Bywater, b. Feb. 18, 1905
" Olive Pearl Bywater, b. Sept. 28, 1908
" Lillian Fay Bywater, b. Oct. 10, 1913
" Clarence Roy Bywater, b. Dec. 24, 1915
" Jim B. Bywater, b. Nov. 11, 1919

7A **James Ora Bywater,** md. Feb. 17, 1913 to **Ada Davis**
b. April 19, 1891
d. Mar., 1919

CHILDREN:
7B Ada Adella Bywater, b. Jan. 4, 1914
" Elva Bywater, b. Mar. 9, 1916
d. July 16, 1916
" Glen D. Bywater, b. Sept. 17, 1918

7A **James O. Bywater,** 2 md. June 11, 1921, **Edna Johnson**
b. July 21, 1901

CHILDREN:
7B James LaRue Bywater, b. Jan. 21, 1922
" Nyle Stanley Bywater, b. Feb. 20, 1923
" Richard Ora Bywater, b. Nov. 29, 1924
Entered Navy Nov. 29, 1943. Disc.
Dec. 22, 1945, as ANM 2/c.
" Dennis L. Bywater, b. Aug. 5, 1926
" Zetta Yvonne Bywater, b. Aug. 28, 1929
" Bonnie Jean Bywater, b. Jan. 14, 1931

7B **Ada A. Bywater,** md. Sept. 21, 1935, to **John A. Maze**
b. July 11, 1914

CHILDREN:
7C Neal John Maze, b. Jan. 14, 1939
" Gayle Adella Maze, b. May. 15, 1942

7B **Glenn Bywater,** md. June 21, 1935, to **Nona B. Hobson**
b. April 27 ,1917

CHILDREN:

7C Richard Glen Bywater, b. April 26, 1936
d. June 14, 1938
" Marylin Bywater, b. Oct. 15, 1937
" Clifford DeWayne Bywater, b. June 18, 1941
" Ranee Bywater, b. Feb. 8, 1943
" Colon (son), b. Nov. 13, 1944
" Julia Ann, b. Mar. 12, 1947

7B **Nyle Stanley Bywater,** md. 1940, to **Mary Loffeniere**

CHILDREN:

7C Julia Bywater, b. May 2, 1940

7B **Nyle S. Bywater,** 2nd md. Aug. 8, 1942, **Melba Jensen**
Entered Army Jan. 5, 1943. b. Feb. 22, 1923
Disc. Dec., 1946, as Pfc.

CHILDREN:

7C Nyle Bywater Jr., b. July 8, 1943
" Ronnie Stanley Bywater, b. June 17, 1946

7B **Dennis L. Bywater,** md. Oct. 1, 1945, to **Donna Parsons**
Entered Navy July 20, 1945. b. July 27, 1928
Served in China 96th USNCB.
Disc. S 1/C Aug. 15, 1946.

7A **Florence Bywater**, md. Feb. 17, 1914, to **L. F. Wells**
b. Mar. 21, 1894

CHILDREN:

7B James Leonard Wells, b. Aug. 3, 1915
" Edith June Wells, b. June 9, 1918
" Don Fae Wells, b. Jan 29, 1921

7B **Edith June Wells,** md. Oct., 1939, to **Kenneth Hess**
b. Mar. 10, 1917

CHILDREN:

7C Reta Marlene Hess, b. May 31, 1940
" Royce Kenneth Hess, b. Mar. 21, 1941

7B **James L. Wells,** md. Dec. 21, 1935, to **Reta M. King**
b. May 19, 1916

7B **Don Fae Wells,** md. June 21, 1940, to **Mable Hatton**
Entered Army May 10, 1944. b. Jan. 29, 1921
Disc. Dec. 1, 1945

CHILDREN:

7C Donald Fae Wells, b. July 5, 1944
" Linda Ann Wells, b. Aug. 29, 1946

7A **Lorna Bywater,** md. July 16, 1919, to **E. L. Harper**
b. July 11, 1894

CHILDREN:

7B Olive Lorna Harper, b. June 20, 1920
d. Jan. 20, 1927
" Lewis Earl Harper, b. Aug. 27, 1921
" Vaudys Harper, b. April 29, 1923
" Trae Von Harper, b. Sept 26, 1925
" La Nola Harper, b. Aug. 20, 1928
" Della Rae Harper, b. Mar. 4, 1932
d. Oct. 5, 1935

7B **Lewis E. Harper,** md. Feb. 26, 1941, **Virginia Gayle**
Entered U. S. Army June 14, b. Aug. 15, 1921
1944. Disc. Mar. 8, 1946

CHILDREN,

7C Virginia Lou Harper, b. Oct. 24, 1941.
" Donna Gayle Harper, b. July 16, 1943
" Lewis Keith Harper, b. Mar. 6, 1947

7B **Vaudys Harper,** md. Oct. 20, 1942, to **J. Schneider Jr.**
b. Aug. 26, 1922

CHILDREN:

7C Karla Jean Schneider, b. Sept. 23, 1944

7A **Bertha D. Bywater,** md. Oct. 14, 1925, to **J. E. Warner**
b. July 3, 1898

7A **Olive P. Bywater,** md. June 20, 1931, to **H. N. Tucker**
b. Dec. 29, 1909

CHILDREN:

7B Ronald Harold Tucker, b. Feb. 4, 1935
" Colleen Olive Tucker, b. Feb. 27, 1937

7A **Lillian F. Bywater,** md. Feb. 11, 1935, to **Melroy Steed**
b. Aug. 6, 1912

CHILDREN:

7B Sheronne Lynn Steed, b. Nov. 26, 1935

7A **Clarence Bywater,** md Sept. 12, '42 **Mary Eichenberger**
Entered Army April 7, 1942. Disc. Sgt. Dec. 11, 1945. b. Jan. 12, 1918

CHILDREN:

7B James Carl Bywater, b. Feb. 26, 1946

7A **Jim B. Bywater,** md. Nov. 17, '38, to **Marie Bunderson**
Entered Army Dec. 7, 1943. Disc. Pfc. Oct. 17, 1945. b. Mar. 17, 1920

CHILDREN:

7B Gerald B. Bywater, b. May 9, 1939
" Rodney Eugene Bywater, b. Oct. 10, 1944

Record No. 8

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

8 **Sarah Bywater.** md. July 11, 1894, **Lawrence Thompson**
b. June 13, 1870 b. Oct. 19, 1871
d. April 9, 1942 d. Dec. 7, 1940

CHILDREN:

8A Gaynell Thompson, b. Sept. 22, 1895
" Lawrence Maurice Thompson, b. Apr. 30, 1897
d. 1899
" James William Thompson, b. Jan. 17, 1899
" Joseph Robert Thompson, b. Sept. 18, 1900
" Esther Thompson, b. Oct. 8, 1902
" Thelma Thompson, b. Sept. 28, 1904
" Maria Olive Thompson, b. July 28, 1906
" Dorothy Thompson, b. May 13, 1908
" Adreene Thompson, b. Sept. 17, 1910
" Vadus Elizabeth Thompson, b. Apr. 6, 1912

8A **Gaynell Thompson,** md. April 5, 1922, **Wm J. Hanna**
b. Nov. 24, 1893

CHILDREN:

8B Vadus Virginia Hanna, b. July 7, 1923

8B **Vadus V. Hanna,** md. Aug. 1, 1943, to **Lowell J. Hanna**
b. Mar. 13, 1919
Enlisted April 23, 1941. Capt. in
U. S. Army. Disc. Aug. 4, 1945

8A **James Thompson,** md. June 2, 1923, **Leatha Kidman**
b. Sept. 9, 1903

CHILDREN:

8B James William Thompson, b. Mar. 15, 1924
" Ross Thompson, b. April 30, 1925
d. April 30, 1925

8A **James Thompson,** 2nd md. Sept. 20, 1930 **Helen Iten**
b. July 29, 1911

CHILDREN:

8B Rita Marie Thompson, b. Jan. 15, 1932
" Beverly Jo Thompson, b. Dec. 12, 1933
d. Dec. 13, 1933
" Jackie Thompson, b. Nov. 19, 1935
d. Nov. 19, 1935
" Gail Thompson, b. May 18, 1937
d. May 18, 1937
" Billy Thompson, b. Jan. 20, 1939
" Catherine Gene Thompson, b. Oct. 28, 1941

8A **Joseph Thompson,** md. Apr. 12, 1930 **Rosalie Gardeluis**
b. Dec. 10, 1917

CHILDREN:

8B Robert David Thompson, b. July 11, 1931
" Saralee Thompson, b. Feb. 21, 1936

8A **Esther Thompson,** md. Nov. 6, 1920, to **Marvel J. Dunn**
b. Feb. 7, 1897

CHILDREN:

8B Lawrence J. Dunn, b. Mar. 13, 1923
Enlisted U. S. Navy Air Corps, Mar., 1942
Disc. Lt., July, 1946

8B **Esther T. Dunn,** 2nd md. Mar. 5, 1926, to **O. C. Paisley**
b. Dec. 17, 1888

CHILDREN:

8B Carol Yvonne Paisley, b. Feb. 15, 1927

8A **Marie O. Thompson,** md. Sept. 7, 1928, to **F. A. Bailey**
b. Oct. 25, 1904
Served LDS mission
in England, 1923-25

CHILDREN: Adopted

8B James William Bailey, b. May 4, 1934
" Linda Lee Bailey, b. July 10, 1939

8A **Dorothy Thompson,** md. May 14, 1927 to **A. Kidman**
b. Mar. 4, 1906

CHILDREN:

8B Coleen Ardell Kidman, b. June 23, 1928

8A **Adreene Thompson,** md. Oct. 15, 1934, to **R. E. Rooker**
b. Mar. 8, 1910
Sgt. in Army 1941-42

8A **Vadus E. Thompson,** md. Sept. 10, 1934, to **F. H. Marx**
b. Aug. 5, 1908
LDS mission in North Central States 1928-30. Entered Navy in May, 1944. Disc. Ens. 1945.

CHILDREN:

8B Gary Edward Marx, b. April 23, 1938
" Patricia Ann Marx, b. Aug. 24, 1941

Record Number 9

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

9 **Charlotte Bywater,** md. Jan. 2, 1895, to **Daniel L. Reeder**
b. Dec. 30, 1872 b. June 13, 1872
d. Sept. 1, 1946

CHILDREN:

9A Daniel Seth Reeder, b. Dec. 20, 1895
" Evaleith Reeder, b. July 7, 1898
d. July 27, 1899
" Grace Evadene Reeder, b. Mar. 4, 1900
" Rotha Reeder, b. Aug. 29, 1902
" James Ferris Reeder, b. Dec. 21, 1905

9A Albert Noble Reeder, b. April 29, 1909
" Anna Beth Reeder, b. Dec. 13, 1915

9A **Daniel Seth Reeder,** md. Mar. 15, 1916, to **Lillis Hadley**
b. Mar. 21, 1896

CHILDREN:

9B Lillis Maurine Reeder, b. April 27, 1917
9B Seth Darrell Reeder, b. April 30, 1919
" Wilford Leon Reeder, b. April 14, 1922
d. Jan. 30, 1933
" Earl Hadley Reeder, b. July 10, 1925

9A **Grace E. Reeder,** md. Oct. 21, 1920, to **LeR. M. Holland**
b. Nov. 25, 1896
Served in World War I

CHILDREN:

9B Donna Holland, b. Sept. 24, 1921
" Daniel LeRoy Holland, b. Oct. 15, 1922
" Marvin Lee Holland, b. May 10, 1930
d. Aug. 16, 1934
" David LeRoy Holland, b. Aug. 10, 1935

9A **Rotha Reeder,** md. May 19, 1923, to **August N. Parsons**
b. Oct. 1, 1901

CHILDREN:

9B Marva Charlotte Parsons, b. Feb. 15, 1925

9A **James F. Reeder,** md. Oct. 10, 1936, to **Norma Hunsaker**
Entered Army 1942. b. Mar 20, 1917
Disc. 1st Lt. Feb. 1946.

CHILDREN:

9B Lynn James Reeder, b. May 26, 1937
" Hal Ferris Reeder, b. April 6, 1938
" Gail Reeder, b. Nov. 2, 1944
" Ivan and Irene Reeder, twins, b. Oct. 25, 1946

9A **Albert Noble Reeder,** md. Feb. 25, '41 to **June Hurren**
Entered Navy July 22, 1942. b. May 23, 1920
Disc. M.S.2/C Oct. 15, 1945,
in South Pacific.

9A **Anna Beth Reeder,** md. Nov. 10, 1938, to **A. A. Bishop**
b. Aug. 27, 1913

CHILDREN:

9B Bruce Bishop, b. July 1, 1940
" Janet Bishop, b. Nov. 18, 1942
" Carol Ann Bishop, b. Dec. 6, 1945

9B **Lillis M. Reeder,** md. June 9, 1941, to **Ivan LeR. Cluff**
Served two short term missions b. Oct. 5, 1917
to Spanish-American mission. Fulfilled Spanish-
American Mission.
Entered Army Jan., 1943.
Disc. Nov. 5, 1945.

CHILDREN:

9C Gerald Reeder Cluff, b. July 1, 1942
9C Kenneth LeRoy Cluff, b. Feb. 6, 1947

9B **Donna Holland,** md. Nov. 13, 1940, to **Glen Jackson**
b. Nov. 30, 1920
Entered Army July 30,
1944. Not Disc. yet.

CHILDREN:

9C Garn Lynn Jackson, b. June 16, 1947

9B **Daniel Holland,** md. Aug. 17, 1945, **Maurine Hirchi**
Entered Navy Feb. 5, 1943. b. Mar. 14, 1926
Disc. Feb. 6, 1946, as N.M. 1/C.

CHILDREN:

9C Dianne Holland, b. Oct. 22, 1946

9B **Marva C. Parsons,** md. Oct. 11, 1943, to **Ed. H. Frost**
b. Aug. 12, 1924
Entered Army May 24, 1943.
Disc. Ball Gunner Sept. 6, '45.

CHILDREN:

9C Brent Edward Frost, b. Dec. 15, 1944
" Lynette Frost, b. June 17, 1946

9B **Seth Darrel Reeder.** md. July 22, 1946, to **Mary Foutz**
In Service June 30, 1944. b. July 30, 1922
Released Sept., 1945.
In Service Atomic bomb project.

Record Number 11

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

11 **Esther Bywater,** md. Oct. 3, 1902, to **Dan S. Jones**
d. July 25, 1939 b. Sept. 23, 1876
d. April 22, 1942

Adopted Child:

11A Maud Ann Jones, b. Nov. 4, 1919

11A **Maud Ann Jones,** md. June 1, 1938, to **Glen L. Farr**
b. Dec. 30, 1919
Enlisted in U. S. Marines June 26, 1944. Disc. Cpl. July 15, 1946.

CHILDREN:

11C Rodney Dan Farr, b. June 23, 1939

POSTERITY OF JAMES AND HANNA MARIA JENSEN BYWATER

James Bywater, md. Mar. 10, 1873, **Hanna Maria Jensen**
Missions England—Dec. 8, 1873, Nov. 5, 1874, Nov. 21, 1890, June 27, 1891.
d. Mar. 8, 1906 at Brigham City

CHILDREN

No. 10 Jeremiah Bywater, b. June 3, 1874, d. June 3, 1874.
" 12 Rose Ellen Bywater, b. Sept. 17, 1875.
" 13 Alfred James Bywater, b. July 17, 1878.
" 14 Lenora Ann Bywater, b. June 13, 1881.
" 15 Hannah Louise Bywater, b. April 23, 1884.
" 16 Hulda Bywater, b. April 23, 1884, d. April 23, 1884.
" 17 Josephus William Bywater, b. April 14, 1887, d. Sept. 15, 1887
" 18 Lillie Prudence Bywater, b. Oct. 10, 1890.

Record Number 12

DIRECT LINE | **LINE by MARRIAGE**

12 **Rose E. Bywater,** md. Aug. 17, 1905, **H. W. Valentine**
(Dentist) b. Mar. 4, 1873

Missions
Swiss-German 1911-16
German-Austrian 1926-29
S. L. Stake 1930-35
Temple Square 1934-47

Missions:
German, 1900-03
Pres. Swiss-German 1911-16
Pres. German-Austrian 1926-29
Pres. Salt Lake Stake Mission, 1930-46

CHILDREN: Adopted

12A Dee J. Valentine, b. Feb. 25, 1911
12A Basel Valentine, b. April 6, 1911

12A **Basel Valentine,** md. April 25, 1936, to **J. B. Campbell**
b. Jan. 8, 1901

CHILDREN:

12B Marlae V. Campbell, b. July 12, 1939

12A **Dee J. Valentine,** md. Dec. 16, 1937, to **Alice Higham**
Fulfilled LDS mission in France, 1930-32. b. May 17, 1917
Entered Army Mar. 31, 1941.
Disc. Capt. Sept., 1945.

CHILDREN:

12B Dennis J. Valentine, b. April 20, 1940

Record Number 13

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

13 **Alfred Bywater,** md. June 10, 1902, **Frances Mikesell**
b. Dec. 10, 1883
d. Sept. 1, 1927

CHILDREN:

13A Blanche Bywater, b. May 14, 1903
" Milton Alfred Bywater, b. Jan. 26, 1905
" Alden Bywater, b. April 9, 1907
" Don Bywater b. April 19, 1909
Accidentally killed Dec. 8, 1929
" Edith Bywater, b. Aug. 12, 1911
" Rhoda and Roma, b. Mar. 16, 1916 twins
" Leon Bywater, b. April 18, 1919
" Wanda Bywater, b. May 17, 1922
d. Mar. 3, 1925
" Elenora Bywater, b. Jan. 1, 1925

13A **Blanche Bywater,** md. June 10, 1926, to **O. L. Barker**
Served mission b. Nov. 25, 1886
Central States, 1923

CHILDREN:

13B Orson Deverl Barker, b. May 7, 1929
" Roland Bywater Barker, b. May 28, 1932

13A **Milton Bywater,** md. April 4, 1928, to **Lillas Simper**
b. Aug. 30, 1909

CHILDREN:

13B Shirley Milton Bywater, b. Feb. 25, 1929
" Marvin Ernest Bywater, b. Aug. 28, 1930
" Harold Daniel Bywater, b. Feb. 8, 1933
" Max Bywater, b. April 22, 1935
" Darwin LaMar Bywater, b. Jan. 30, 1942

13A **Alden Bywater,** md. Aug. 13, 1930, to **Alice Lee**
b. Nov. 5, 1910

CHILDREN:

13B Bonnie Lee Bywater, b. July 22, 1931
" Sharlene Bywater, b. Dec. 16, 1938
" Caren Lee Bywater, b. July 16, 1941

13A **Edith Bywater,** md. July 3, 1934, to **Al. A. Harrison**
b. July 3, 1914

CHILDREN:

13B Rollo Harrison, b. April 12, 1935
" Dwayne Harrison, b. Dec. 29, 1936
" Lloyd Harrison, b. Sept. 14, 1938

13B **Rhoda Bywater,** md. Mar. 23, 1935, to **Ray Short**
b. Sept. 23, 1912

CHILDREN:

13B Lyman Short, b. May 3, 1936
" Wayne Dee Short, b. Oct. 26, 1941

13A **Roma Bywater,** md. Oct. 7, 1931, to **R. J. Jensen**
b. Sept. 11, 1901

CHILDREN:

13B Romonia Jensen, b. Mar. 26, 1935
" Frances Elaine Jensen, b. July 30, 1939
" Merlin James Jensen, b. July 22, 1945

13A **Leon Bywater,** md. Nov. 29, 1940, to **Ruby June Goold**
b. June 12, 1921

CHILDREN:

13B Garey Lee Bywater, b. Sept. 19. 1941
13B Judy Ellen Bywater, b. April 17, 1944

13A **Eleanora Bywater,** md. Jan. 1, 1943, **Ralph Schneider**
b. Feb, 16, 1922

CHILDREN:

13B Jo Ann Schneider, b. Aug. 28, 1944
" Cara Mae Schneider, b. May 14, 1946
d. June 22, 1946

13 **Alfred Bywater** 2md Apr. 10, 1944, **Cleora Montgomery**
b. July 16, 1883

Record Number 14

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

14 **LeNora Ann Bywater,** md Apr. 9, '02, **Abraham Hillam**
b. May 6, 1880

CHILDREN:

14A Scott Bywater Hillam, b. Feb. 21, 1903
" James Ralph Hillam, b. Mar. 5, 1905
" Dean B. Hillam, b. Mar. 5, 1907
L.D.S. mission in Germany, 1926-29

14A Hyrum A. Hillam, b. May 13, 1909
" Hannah Hillam, b. May 16, 1913
" Sarah Hillam, b. Feb. 14, 1915
" Clark Marcel Hillam, b. Nov. 6, 1916
" Gay Hillam, b. Mar. 2, 1918
" Ruth Hillam, b. May 4, 1920
" Rose Ellen Hillam, b. Mar. 27, 1923

14A **Scott B. Hillam,** md. Sept. 16, 1940, **Melba Browning**
L.D.S. mission in Germany, 1922-25 born Aug. 31, 1903

14A **James Ralph Hillam,** md. Mar. 22, 1927, to **Mabel Cole**
b. July 4, 1910

CHILDREN:

14B Ray Cole Hillam, b. July 25, 1928
" Donald Ralph Hillam, b. Aug. 9, 1930
" Howard Hillam, b. Dec. 13, 1934
" Noreen Hillam, b. Sept. 8, 1936

14A **Hyrum A. Hillam,** md. June 1, 1934, to **Edna Painter**
L.D.S. mission in Germeny, 1929-32 b. Aug. 16, 1912

CHILDREN:

14B Ann Hillam, b. Nov. 17, 1935
" Dale Margo Hillam, b. Sept. 24, 1937
" Hyrum Craig Hillam, b. April 14, 1943
" Linda Hillam, b. Mar. 23, 1947

14A **Sarah Hillam,** md. June 9, 1933, to **Dory C. Detton**
b. Mar. 12, 1911

CHILDREN:

14B Dory Dan Detton, b. Aug. 23, 1942

14A **Clark M. Hillam,** md. Sept. 4, 1941 **Marg. Anderson**
West German Mission b. Sept 14, 1916
Jan. 21, 1938
Transferred Northern States
Oct. 6, 1939. Returned
April 3, 1940

CHILDREN:

14B Joseph Dale Hillam, b. July 10, 1942
" Marcia Hillam, b. Dec. 12, 1945

14A **Gay Hillam,** md. April 9, 1941, to **Nephi O. Ogden**
b. Nov. 12, 1914
Entered Army July, 1943.
Disc. Nov., 1945, as Cpl.

CHILDREN:

14B Susan Ogden, b. July 12, 1943
" Ann Ogden, b. June 15, 1946

14A **Ruth Hillam,** md. Nov. 19, 1941, to **Grover F. Elgan**
b April 25, 1922.
Entered U. S. Coast Guard,
Nov., 1942. Disc. Jan., 1944.

CHILDREN:

14B Glen Forest Elgan, b. Nov. 8, 1944
" Dee Ann Elgan, b. Aug. 7, 1947

14A **Rose Ellen Hillam,** md. April 4, 1945, **R. C. Budden**
b. July 30, 1919
Entered Army June, 1941.
Disc. Dec., 1944, as Pfc.

CHILDREN:

14B Brent Budden, b. June 15, 1946

Record Number 15

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

15 **Hannah Louise Bywater,** md. May 29, 1908, **Ben C. Call**
b. April 23, 1884 b. Mar. 28, 1877
Mission for L.D.S. Church Southern States May 3, 1899-July. 24- 1901

CHILDREN:

15A Phyllis Call, b. Mar. 18, 1909
" Marie Call, b. June 24, 1910
" Louise Call, b. Oct. 5, 1912
L.D.S. short term mission to Northern States 1938, Red Cross ex-secretary, Box Elder Chapter for 3 years.
" Benjamin Edward Call, b. Dec. 26, 1914
" Don Carlos Call, b. Mar. 9, 1916
" Joan Eliza Call, b. June 17, 1918
" Willard B. Call b. April 5, 1920
" Omer Justin Call, b. July 25, 1922
Entered U. S. Army Nov. 1942, serving with Army of Occupation in Japan, 1st Lt. Discharged Sept. 14, 1946.

15A **Phyllis Call,** md. June 1, 1928, to **Morris W. Glover**
b. Aug. 23, 1907
Entered U. S. N. Jan. 7, 1944.
Disc. Yeoman 3rd class Nov. 1945

CHILDREN:

15B Morris Benjamin Glover, b. Mar. 6, 1929
" Renee Glover, b. Nov. 24, 1930
" Wayne Henry Glover, b. Nov. 22, 1935
" Marcia Glover, b. Aug. 19, 1944

15A **Marie Call,** md. July 12, 1939, to **Fredrick N. Webb**
b. Jan. 5, 1912
Entered Army Oct. 21, 1943.
Disc. on April 17, 1946, as First Sgt.

CHILDREN:

15B Alisyn Marie Webb, b. June 8, 1944

15A **Benjamin Call,** md. June 11, 1941, **Merle Castleton**
L.D.S. mission in Cal. b. Aug. 5, 1921
Oct. 16, 1935 to Dec. 3, 1937
Entered Army Nov. 13, 1943.
Disc. as Cpl. Dec., 1945.

CHILDREN:

15B Kathryn Merle Call, b. Nov. 13, 1942
" Sandra Louise Call, b. Dec. 30, 1943
" Benjamin C. Call, b. May 7, 1947

15A **Don Carlos Call,** md. Dec. 30, 1941, to **Marie Stander**
British missionary Jan. 21, 1938 to Feb. 3, 1940 b. Dec. 18, 1919
Entered U.S.N. April 11, 1945.
Hon. disc. April 1946 as S. 1/C.

CHILDREN

15B Marilyn Call b. Feb. 6, 1943
" Karla Marie Call b. Nov. 20, 1944

15A **Joan Eliza Call,** md. June 8, 1942, **Evan Ray Terry**
b. Mar. 15, 1918
Entered U. S. A. Sept. 1941
disc. Nov. 1945 as C.W.O.

CHILDREN:

15B Linda Louise Terry, b. Oct. 24, 1943
" Evan Ray Terry, Jr., b. Feb. 9, 1945

15A **Willard Call,** md. Nov. 30, 1944, **Elizabeth Manning**
L.D.S. mission in Brazil b. Sept. 20, 1922
Mar. 5, 1941 - Sept. 28, 1943
Entered U.S.A. Air Corps Nov. 13, 1943. Hon. disc. Dec. 6, 1945, as 2nd Lt.

CHILDREN:

15B Aileen Call, b Jan. 1, 1946

Record Number 18

DIRECT LINE **LINE by MARRIAGE**

18 **Lillie P. Bywater,** md. Jan. 17, 1912, **Arvil T. Forsgren**
b. June 6, 1886
L. D. S. mission in Sweden 1905-1907

CHILDREN:

18A Opal Forsgren, b. Oct. 25, 1912
" Arvil Ferron Forsgren, b. Jan. 13, 1916
" Keith Oscar Forsgren, b. Mar. 9, 1918
Entered Navy April 1, 1942. Discharged Chief Yeoman April 15, 1946.
" James Bywater Forsgren, b. Aug. 10, 1920
Entered Army June 10, 1944. Discharged Corporal, June 6, 1946.
" Robert Byron Forsgren, b. May 19, 1922
Entered Army Dec. 31, 1942. Discharged Staff Sgt., November, 1945.
" Reatta Louise Forsgren, b. May 28, 1926
" Ida Lillian Forsgren, b. Sept. 27, 1932

18A **Opal Forsgren,** md. Nov. 3, 1932, to **J. R. Christensen**
b. Mar. 25, 1907

CHILDREN:

18B Carol Mae Christensen, b. Oct. 15, 1933
" Reed Forsgren Christensen, b. Jan. 12, 1935
" Richard Martin Christensen, b. Dec., 1942

18A **Ferron Forsgren,** md. June 2, 1941, **Elizabeth Wale**
L. D. S. mission in Great Britain, 1937-39. Entered service in Air Corps, Oct. 16, 1942. Disc. Sgt., Feb. 7, 1946. b. Feb. 21, 1916

CHILDREN:

18B Thomas Wale Forsgren, b. June 5, 1942

A FINAL THOUGHT

May the posterity of James, Maria and Hanna Bywater appreciate their heritage as sons and daughters of Utah Pioneers, ever remembering the struggles of subduing a desert, the privations and endurance it took to bring the advantages of education, culture, refinement and comforts which exist today. The underlying strength to accomplish all this was their unwavering faith in the revealed word of God through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Yes, these three were different in disposition and characteristics, but they were true to each other. They produced a family unit which is truly a memorable thing. They remained faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the end of their days.

Let their good example be an inspiration to all of their children's children to the end. And may our daily prayer be:

"Purify our hearts, our Savior,
Let us go not far astray,
That we may be counted worthy
Of Thy spirit day by day.
When temptations are before us
Give us strength to overcome.
Always guard us in our wanderings
Till we leave our earthly home."